

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER L. HIGH ART.

As Saxon's cab turned in at the gates of the South-Western Railway station, Mr. William Trefalden, who chanced to be in the occupation of a very similar Hansom, was driving rapidly down the Waterloo-road. The two vehicles with their unsuspecting occupants had been almost side by side on Waterloo Bridge, and, by one of those curious coincidences which happen still oftener in real life than in fiction, the one cousin was going down into Surrey as the honoured guest of Lady Castletowers, while the other was rattling over to Camberwell in search of her ladyship's disinherited half-sister.

"Six, Brudenell Terrace."

Mr. Trefalden took the card from his pocket-book, and read the address over once or twice. It was the same card that Miss Rivière had given to Saxon, and which Saxon had entrusted to the lawyer's keeping a couple of hours before. Mr. Trefalden was a prompt man of business, and was showing himself to be, in the present instance, better than his word. He had promised to act for his young kinsman in this matter; but he had not promised to set about the task that same afternoon. Yet here he was with his face already turned southwards, and Miss Rivière's address in his hand.

The fact was, that Mr. Trefalden took more interest in this piece of family history than he had chosen to express, and was bent on learning all that might be learnt about the Rivières without an hour's unnecessary delay. No man better appreciated the value of a family secret. There might, it is true, be nothing very precious in this particular specimen; but then one could never tell what might, or might not, be useful hereafter. At all events, Mr. Trefalden was not slow to see his way to possible advantages; and though he had asked time for consideration of what it might be best to do, he had half a dozen schemes outlined in his mind before Saxon left the office. Mr. Trefalden's plans seldom needed much elaboration. They sprang from his fertile brain like Minerva from the head of Zeus, armed at all points, and ready for the field.

Leaning back thoughtfully, then, with folded arms, and a cigar in his mouth, Mr. Trefalden drove past the Obelisk and the Elephant and Castle, and plunged into the very heart of that dreary suburban district which might with much propriety be called by the general name of Transpontia. Then, dismissing his cab at a convenient point, he proceeded in search of Brudenell Terrace on foot.

Transpontia is a district beset with difficulties to the inexperienced explorer. There dust, dissent, and dullness reign supreme. The air is pervaded by a faint odour of universal brick-field. The early muffin-bell is audible at incredible hours of the day. Files of shabby-genteel tenements, and dismal slips of parched front-garden, follow and *do* resemble each other with a bewildering monotony that extends for long miles in every direction, and is only interrupted here and there by a gorgeous ginpallace, or a depressing patch of open ground, facetiously called a "green," or a "common." Of enormous extent, and dreary sameness, the topography of Transpontia is necessarily of the vaguest character.

Mr. Trefalden was, however, too good a Londoner to be greatly baffled by the intricacies of any metropolitan neighbourhood. He pursued his way with a Londoner's instinct, and, after traversing a few small squares and by-streets, found himself presently in face of Brudenell Terrace.

It was a very melancholy terrace, built according to the strictest lodging-house order of architecture, elevated some four feet above the level of the street, and approached by a dilapidated flight of stone steps at each extremity. It consisted of four-and-twenty dingy, eight-roomed houses, in one or other of which, take them at what season of the year one might, there was certain to be either a sale or a removal going forward. In conjunction with the inevitable van, or piece of stair-carpeting, might also be found the equally inevitable street organ—that "most miraculous organ," which can no more be silenced than the voice of murder itself; and which in Transpontia hath its chosen home. The oldest inhabitant of Brudenell Terrace confessed to never having known the hour of any day (except Sunday) when some interesting native of Parma or Lucca was not to be heard grinding his slow length along from number one to number twenty-eight. On the present

occasion, however, when Mr. Trefalden knocked at the door of the house for which he was bound, both van and Italian boy were at the further end of the row.

A slatternly servant of hostile bearing opened six inches of the door, and asked Mr. Trefalden what he wanted. That gentleman intimated that he wished to see Mrs. Rivière.

"Is it business?" said the girl, planting her foot sturdily against the inner side of the door.

Mr. Trefalden at once admitted that it was business.

"Then it's Miss Rivers you want," said she, sharply. "Why didn't you say so at first?"

Mr. Trefalden attempted to explain that he should prefer to see Mrs. Rivière, if she would receive him; but the belligerent damsel refused to entertain that proposition for one moment.

"It's nothing to me what you prefer," said she, with prompt indignation. "You can't see Mrs. Rivers. If Miss Rivers won't do, you may as well go away at once."

So the lawyer was fain to enter the citadel on such terms as he could get.

He was shown into a front parlour, very poorly furnished. The window was partially darkened by a black blind, and close beneath it stood a table strewn with small photographs and drawing materials. A bonnet and shawl lay on the sofa behind the door. Three or four slight sketches in water-colours were pinned against the walls. An old-fashioned watch in a bronze stand of delicate foreign workmanship, occupied the centre of the mantelshelf; and in the further corner of the room, between the fireplace and window, were piled a number of old canvases with their faces to the wall. Mr. Trefalden divined the history of these little accessories at a glance. He knew, as well as if their owners had told him so, that the watch and the canvases were relics of poor Edgar Rivière, and that the little water-colour sketches were by the artist's daughter. These latter were very slight—mere outlines, with a dash of colour here and there—but singularly free and decisive. One represented a fragment of Cyclopean wall, tapestried with creeping plants; another, a lonely mediæval tower, with ragged storm-clouds drifting overhead; another, a group of stone pines at sunset, standing up, bronzed and bristling, against a blood-red sky. All were instinct with that open-air look which defies imitation; and in the background of almost every subject were seen the purple Tuscan hills. William Trefalden was no indifferent judge of art, and he saw at once that these scrawls had genius in them.

While he was yet examining them, the door opened noiselessly behind him, and a rustling of soft garments near at hand warned him that he was no longer alone. He turned. A young girl, meanly dressed in some black material, with only a slip of white collar round her throat, stood about half way between the window and the door—a girl so fair, so slight, so transparent

of complexion, so inexpressibly fragile-looking, that the lawyer, for the first moment, could only look at her as if she were some delicate marvel of art, neither to be touched nor spoken to.

"You asked to see me, sir?" she said, with a transient flush of colour; for Mr. Trefalden still looked at her in silence.

"I asked to see Mrs. Rivière," he replied.

The young lady pointed to a chair.

"My mother is an invalid," she said, "and can only be addressed through me. Will you take a seat?"

But Mr. Trefalden, instead of taking a seat, went over to the corner where the dusty canvases were piled against the wall, and said:

"Are these some of your father's pictures?"

Her whole face became radiant at the mention of that name.

"Yes," she replied, eagerly. "Do you know his works?"

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before answering this question. Then, looking at her with a grave, almost a tender courtesy, he said:

"I knew his works, my dear young lady—and I knew him."

"You knew him? Oh, you knew a good man, sir, if you knew my dear, dear father!"

"A good man," said Mr. Trefalden, "and a fine painter."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"If the world had but done him justice!" she murmured.

Mr. Trefalden thought he had never seen eyes so beautiful or so pathetic.

"The world never does justice to its finer spirits," said he, "till they have passed beyond reach of its envy or hearing of its praise. But his day of justice will come."

"Do you think so?" she said, drawing a little nearer, and looking up at him with the half-timid, half-trusting candour of a child.

"Alas! I have almost given up hoping."

"Never give up hoping. There is nothing in this world so unstable as its injustice—nothing so inevitable as its law of reward and retribution. Unhappily, its laurels are too often showered upon tombs."

"Did you know him in Italy?"

"No—in England."

"Perhaps you were one of his fellow-students?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"No; I am a true lover of the arts," he replied, "but no artist. I had a sincere admiration for your father's genius, Miss Rivière, and it is that admiration which brings me here to-day. I am anxious to know what pictures of his may still be in the possession of his family, and I should be glad to purchase some, if I might be allowed to do so."

A look of intense gladness, followed by one of still more intense pain, flashed over the girl's pale face at these words.

"I trust I have said nothing to annoy you,"

said Mr. Trefalden, as deferentially as if this fragile young creature were a stately princess, clad in cloth of gold and silver.

"Oh no, thank you," she replied, tremulously. "We shall be very glad to—sell them."

"Then I have your permission to look at these?"

"I will show them to you."

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer Miss Rivière to show him the pictures. They were too heavy, and too dusty; and he was so glad to have the opportunity of seeing them, that he considered nothing a trouble. Then he begged to be allowed to remove the black blind from the window; and when that was done, he dragged out the first picture, dusted it carefully with his own white handkerchief, and placed it in the best light the room afforded.

"That was one of his last," said the daughter, with a sigh.

It represented Apollo and Daphne—Apollo in an attitude expressive of despair, looking very like a fine gentleman in an amateur play, elegantly got up in the Greek style, and rather proud of his legs; with Daphne peeping at him coquettishly from the leaves of a laurel-bush. It was not a vulgar picture, nor even a glaringly bad picture; but it had all the worst faults of the French school with none of its vigour, and was academic and superficial to the last degree.

Mr. Trefalden, who saw all this distinctly, retreated, nevertheless, to the further side of the room, shaded his eyes with his hands, and declared that it was an exquisite thing, full of poetry and classical feeling.

Then came a Cupid and Psyche on the point of leading off a *pas de deux*; a Danaë in a cataract of yellow ochre; an Endymion sleeping, evidently, on a stage-bank, by the light of a practicable moon; a Holy Family; a Cephæus and Procris; a Caractacus before Claudius; a Diana and Calisto, and about a score of others—enough to fill a gallery of moderate size; all after the same pattern; all repeating the same dreary round of hackneyed subjects; all equally correct and mediocre.

Mr. Trefalden looked patiently through the whole collection, opening out those canvases which were rolled up, and going through the business of his part with a naturalness that was beyond all praise. He dwelt on imaginary beauties, hesitated over trifling blemishes, reverted every now and then to his favourites, and, in short, played the enlightened connoisseur to such perfection that the poor child by his side was almost ready to fall down and worship him before the exhibition was over.

"How happy it would have made him to hear you, sir," she said, more than once. "No one ever appreciated his genius as you do!"

To which Mr. Trefalden only replied with sympathetic courtesy, that he was "sorry to hear it."

Finally, he selected four of the least objectionable of the lot, and begged to know on

what terms he might be permitted to possess them.

This question was referred by Miss Rivière to her mother, and Mr. Trefalden was finally entreated to name his own price.

"Nay, but you place me in a very difficult position," said he. "What if I offer too small a sum?"

"We do not fear that," replied the young girl, with a timid smile.

"You are very good; but . . . the fact is that I may wish to purchase several more of these paintings—perhaps the whole of them, if Mrs. Rivière should be willing to part from them."

"The whole of them!" she echoed, breathlessly.

"I cannot tell at present; but it is not improbable."

Miss Rivière looked at Mr. Trefalden with awe and wonder. She began to think he must be some great collector—perhaps Rothschild himself!

"In the mean while," said he, "these being only my first acquisitions, I must keep my expenditure within a moderate limit. I should not like to offer more than two hundred pounds for these four paintings."

Two hundred pounds! It was as if a tributary of Pactolus had suddenly flowed in upon that humble front parlour and flooded it with gold. Miss Rivière could hardly believe in the actual existence of so fabulous a sum.

"I hope I do not seem to under-estimate their value," said the lawyer.

"Oh no—indeed!"

"You will, perhaps, submit my proposition to Mrs. Rivière?"

"No, thank you—I—I am quite sure—your great liberality. . . ."

"I beg you will call it by no such name," said Mr. Trefalden, with that little deprecatory gesture that showed his fine hand to so much advantage. "Say, if you please, my sense of justice, or, better still, my appreciation of excellence."

Here he took a little roll of bank-notes from his pocket-book, folded, and laid them on the table.

"I trust I may be permitted to pay my respects to Mrs. Rivière when I next call," he said. "She will not, perhaps, refuse the favour of an interview to one who knew her husband in his youth."

"I am sure mamma will be most happy," altered Miss Rivière. "She is very delicate; but I know she will make the effort, if possible. We—we are going back soon to Italy."

And her eyes, as she said this, wandered involuntarily towards the packet of notes.

"Not very soon, I hope? Not immediately?"

"Certainly not immediately," she replied, with a sigh. "Mamma must be much better before she can travel."

Then Mr. Trefalden made a few politely sympathetic inquiries; recommended a famous West-end physician; suggested a temporary

sojourn at Sydenham or Norwood; and ended by requesting that the hostile maid-servant might fetch a cab for the conveyance of his treasures. He then took his leave, with the intimation that he would come again in the course of a few days, and go over the pictures a second time.

The door had no sooner closed behind him, than Miss Rivière flew up to her mother's bedroom, with the bank-notes fluttering in her hand.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she cried, flinging herself on her knees beside the invalid's easy-chair, and bursting into sobs of joy, "he has taken four of papa's paintings, and given—oh! what do you suppose?—given two hundred pounds for them! Two hundred pounds, all in beautiful, real bank-notes—and here they are! Touch them—look at them! Two hundred pounds—enough to take you to Italy, my darling, six times over!"

CHAPTER LI. BRADSHAW'S GUIDE FOR MARCH.

WILLIAM TREFALDEN sat alone in his private room, in a somewhat moody attitude, with his elbows on his desk, and his face buried in his hands. A folded deed lay unread before him. To his right stood a compact pile of letters with their seals yet unbroken. Absorbed in profound thought, he had not yet begun the business of the day, although more than an hour had elapsed since his arrival in Chancery-lane.

His meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door; and the tap was instantaneously followed by Mr. Keckwitch. The lawyer started angrily from his reverie.

"Why the deuce do you come in like that?" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied the head clerk, with a rapid glance at the pile of unopened letters, and the unread deed. "Messenger's waitin' for Willis and Barlow's bond; and you said I was to read it over to you before it went out."

Mr. Trefalden sighed impatiently, leaned back in his chair, and bade his clerk "go on;" whereat the respectable man drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and began.

"Know all men by these presents that we, Thomas Willis of number fourteen Charlcote-square in the parish of Hoxton in the County of Middlesex and John Barlow of Oakley villa in the parish of Brompton in the county of Middlesex Esquire, are jointly and severally holden and firmly bounden unto Ebenezer Foster, and Robert Crompton of Cornhill in the parish of St. Peters upon Cornhill in the County of Middlesex Bankers and copartners in the sum of five thousand pounds of lawful British money to be paid to the said Ebenezer Foster and Robert Crompton their executors administrators and assigns or their lawful attorney and attorneys for which payment to be well and faithfully made we bind ourselves jointly and severally and our and any two or one of our heirs executors and administrators firmly by these presents

sealed with our respective seals. Dated . . . which I have left blank, sir, not knowing when the signatures will be made."

"Quite right," said Mr. Trefalden, dreamily. "Go on."

The head clerk then proceeded in the same thick, monotonous tone, wading on from stage to stage, from condition to condition, till he came at length to—"Then and in such case the above written bond or obligation shall become void and of no effect, or else shall remain in full force, power, and virtue;" having read which, he came to a dead pause.

And then again, for the third time, Mr. Trefalden said:

"Go on."

Mr. Keckwitch smiled maliciously.

"That's the end of the deed, sir," he replied.

"The end of the deed?"

"Yes, sir. It struck me that you didn't hear much of it. Shall I go through it again?"

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip with unconcealed annoyance.

"Certainly not," he said, sharply. "That voice of yours sends me to sleep. Leave the bond with me, and I will glance over it myself."

So saying, he snatched the paper from the hand of his clerk, pointed to the door, and compelled himself to go through the document from beginning to end.

This done, and the messenger despatched, he dropped again into his accustomed seat, and proceeded mechanically to examine his diurnal correspondence. But only mechanically; for though he began with the top letter, holding it open with his left hand, and shading his eyes with his right, there was that in his thoughts which blotted out the sense of the words as completely as if the page were blank before him.

By-and-by, after staring at it vacantly for some ten minutes or more, William Trefalden crushed the letter in his hand, flung it on the table, and, exclaiming half aloud, "Fool that I am!" pushed his chair hastily back, and began walking up and down the room.

Sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, sometimes stopping short in his beat for a minute at a time, the lawyer continued for the best part of an hour to pace to and fro between the window and the door, thinking earnestly.

Of what? Of a woman.

He could scarcely bring himself to confess it to his own thoughts; and yet so it was—a fact not to be evaded, impossible to be ignored. William Trefalden was in love for the first time in his life; utterly, passionately in love.

Yes, for the first time. He was thirty-eight years of age, and he had never in his life known what it was to feel as he felt now. He had never known what it was to live under the despotism of a single idea. He was not a good man. He was an unscrupulous and radically selfish man. A man of cultivated taste, cold heart, and iron will. A man who set his own gratification before him as the end for which he

lived, and who was content to labour for that end as untiringly and steadfastly as other men labour for honour, or freedom, or their soul's salvation. A man who knew no law save the law of his own will, and no restraint save the restraint of his own judgment.

Up to this time he had regarded love as a taste, and looked upon women much in the same light as he looked upon fine wines, fine pictures, costly books, or valuable horses. They were one of the enjoyments of life—rather more troublesome, though perhaps not much more expensive than some other enjoyments; needing to be well dressed, as books to be well bound, or pictures well framed; needing also, like valuable horses, to be kindly treated; but, like horses, to be held or changed at the pleasure of their owners.

Such was the theory, and such (for the secret may as well be told here as elsewhere) was the practice of William Trefalden's life. He was no gamester. He was no miser. He was no usurer. He was simply that dangerous phenomenon—a man of cold heart and warm imagination; a refined voluptuary.

And this was the secret which for long years he had guarded with such jealous care. He loved splendour, luxury, pleasure. He loved elegant surroundings, a well-appointed table, well-trained servants, music, pictures, books, fine wines, fine eyes, and fine tobacco. For these things he had toiled harder than the poorest clerk in his employ. For these things he had risked danger and disgrace; and yet now, when he held the game on which he had staked his whole life already in his hand—now, in the very moment of success—this man found that the world contained one prize to obtain which he would willingly have given all the rest—nay, without which all the rest would be no longer worth possession.

Only a girl! Only a pale, pretty, dark-haired girl, with large, timid eyes, and a soft voice, and a colour that came and went fitfully when she spoke. A girl with ancient blood in her veins, and a certain child-like purity of bearing, that told, at the first glance, how she must be neither lightly sought nor lightly won. A girl who, though she might be poor to beggary, could no more be bought like a toy, than could an angel be bought from heaven.

It was surely madness for William Trefalden to love such a girl as Helen Rivière! He knew that it was madness. He had a dim feeling that it might be ruin. He struggled against it—he fought with it—he flung himself into work, but all in vain. He was no longer master of his thoughts. If he read, the page seemed to have no meaning for him; if he tried to think, his mind wandered; if he slept, that girlish face troubled his dreams, and tormented him with despair and longing. For the first time in his life, he found himself the slave of a power which it was vain to resist. Well might he pace to and fro in utter restlessness of mind and body! Well might he curse his fate and his folly, and chafe against the chain

that he was impotent to break! He had known strong impulses, angry passions, eager desires, often enough in the course of his undisciplined life; but never, till now, that passion or desire which was stronger than his own imperial will.

In the mean while the soul of Abel Keekwitch was disquieted within him. His quick ear caught the restless echo in the inner room, and he felt more than ever convinced that there was "something wrong somewhere." Mr. Trefalden had not opened his letters. Mr. Trefalden had not read the deed which awaited him upon his desk. Mr. Trefalden had not attended to a word of the important bond which he, Abel Keekwitch, notwithstanding his asthma, had laboriously read aloud to him from beginning to end. Nor was this all. Mr. Trefalden looked pale and anxious, like a man who had not slept the night before, and was obviously troubled in his mind. These were significant facts—facts very perplexing and tormenting; and Mr. Keekwitch sorely taxed his ingenuity to interpret them aright.

In the midst of his conjectures, Mr. Trefalden, who had an appointment in the Temple for half-past twelve, came out of his private room, and, glancing round the office, said:

"Where are those paintings that I brought home the other day?"

Mr. Keekwitch tucked his pen behind his ear, and coughed before replying.

"In the cupboard behind the door, sir," said he. "I put 'em there—to be out of sight."

Mr. Trefalden opened the cupboard door, saw that the pictures were safe within, and, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"I took them for a bad debt, but they are of no use to me. You can have them, Keekwitch, if you like."

"I, sir!" exclaimed the head clerk, in accents of virtuous horror. "No, thank you, sir. None of your heathen Venuses for me. I should be ashamed to see 'em on the walls."

"As you please. At all events, any one who likes to take them is welcome to do so."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden, with a slightly scornful gravity, left his clerks to settle the question of ownership among themselves, and went on his way. The pictures were, of course, had out immediately, and became the objects of a good deal of tittering, tossing up, and wit of the smallest kind. In the mean while, the head clerk found a pretext for going to his master's room, and instituted a rapid search for any stray scrap of information that might turn up.

It was a forlorn hope. Mr. Keekwitch had done the same thing a hundred times before, and had never found anything; save, now and then, a few charred ashes in the empty grate. But it was in his nature to persevere doggedly. On the present occasion, he examined the papers on the table, lifted the lid of William Trefalden's desk, peered between the leaves of the blotting-book, and examined the table drawers in which

the lawyer kept his stationery. In the latter he found but one unaccustomed article—an old continental Bradshaw for the month of March.

"It wasn't there this morning," mused this amateur detective, taking up the Guide and turning it over inquisitively. "It's the same he had when he went to that place in Switzerland—page turned down and all."

And then Mr. Keckwitch uttered a suppressed exclamation, for the turned-down page was in the midst of the Italian itinerary.

"Lucca—Magadino—Mantua—Mentone—Milan."

What, in Heaven's name, could William Trefalden have to do with Lucca, Magadino, Mantua, Mentone, or Milan? How was it possible that any one of these places should be mixed up with the cause of his present restlessness and preoccupation?

The clerk was fairly puzzled. Finding, however, no further clue in any part of the volume, he returned to his desk, and applied himself to a diligent search of the financial columns of the Times.

He would have been still more puzzled if, at that moment, he could have seen William Trefalden, with the same weary, half-impatient look upon his face, leaning over the parapet of the Temple Gardens, and staring down idly at the river. It was just one o'clock—the quietest hour of the day in nursemaid-haunted squares—and the lawyer had the place to himself. All was still and dreamy in the old gardens. Not a leaf stirred on the trees. Not a sound disturbed the cloistered silence. The very sky was grey and uniform, unbroken by a sunbeam or a cloud. Presently a barge drifted by with the current; while far away, from crowded bridge and busy street, there rose a deep and distant hum, unlike all other sounds with which the ear of man is familiar.

It was a dreamy day and a dreamy place, and, busy man as he was, Mr. Trefalden was, to all appearance, as dreamy as either. But it is possible to be dreamy on the surface, and wakeful enough beneath it; and Mr. Trefalden's dreaminess was of that outward sort alone. All moody quiet without, he was all doubt, fever, and perturbation within. Project after project, resolution after resolution, kept rising like bubbles to the troubled surface of his thoughts—rising, breaking, vanishing, and giving place to others. Thus an hour went by, and Mr. Trefalden, hearing the church clocks strike two, roused himself with the air of a man whose course is resolved upon, and went out through Temple Bar, into the Strand. His course was resolved upon. He had made up his mind never to see Helen Rivière again; and yet . . .

And yet, before he had reached the gates of Somerset House, he had hailed a cab, and desired the driver to take him to Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell.

In the mean while, Mr. Keckwitch, who had been anxiously studying the closing prices of all sorts of Italian Railway, Banking, Telegraphic and Land Companies' Stock, believed that he

had found the key to his employer's trouble when he read that the Great Milanese Loan and Finance Company's Six per Cent Bonds were down to sixteen and a half in the official list.

AN OGRE.

THERE are two kinds of leopards found in India. One is the cheetah, the common leopard of the plains of Hindostan. This creature confines his attacks chiefly to small antelopes, barking deer, and jungle-sheep. He is frequently caught when young, and tamed by the native shikarees, who teach him to assist them in hunting and driving game within shot of the guns of the sportsmen. The other kind of Indian leopard is the "luckabugga," a much larger and fiercer animal, who, when he has once tasted human blood, becomes an ogre, with a frightful appetite for children. He is chiefly found in the lower ranges of the Himalayas and vast jungles of the Terai.

One summer's evening I was out with a couple of friends on a shooting excursion, from Almora into Nepál. Our tents were pitched on the banks of the Kala-nuddee, a river which parts the British possessions in the hills, from those of the Nepál rajah. We were getting our guns ready to go out after some black partridges for supper, when the head man of the neighbouring British village of Petoragurh came up to entreat our assistance in killing a leopard, which had haunted some neighbouring villages for many months, and had already carried off twelve children. Traps and pitfalls had been set for him in vain. He had evaded all. A poor Zemindar had just come into the village with a woful story about his six-year-old boy—his only boy—who, when playing before the door of his father's hut in the dusk of the evening, had been seized by the leopard and carried off before his father's eyes. The poor man followed the animal and struck it repeatedly with an iron hoe, but it held on and vanished in the jungle. At daylight he had hunted on the track with some friends, but found only a few bones and some bloody hair, remains of his child, that a jackal was picking at, and a vulture watching. The man said he had watched the place every night, but had never again seen the leopard.

The recital of this tragedy excited us, and we pledged ourselves not to leave the district until this cruel ogre was destroyed. Ram Bux, our head shikaree, was called, and ordered to make every inquiry as to his present whereabouts, and to offer a reward of ten rupees to any native who should give such information as would give us a shot at him.

It would be endless to relate the many false alarms we had. We sat up all night in trees, with a goat tied below as a bait, near the place where the leopard had been last seen. One night, while sitting in a tree with a gun-coolie who held my weapons, I fell into a doze. A friend in a tree about twenty yards off with a goat

below, roused me by the discharge of his rifle. My coolie seized me by the arm, and shrieked, "Sahib, sahib, luckabugga aya!" "Where, where?" I asked, seizing the double rifle he held out to me. "There," said he, pointing to a dark object moving through the trees about thirty yards off. Bang—bang—went both my barrels, followed immediately by unearthly yells. We descended from our trees, and found a large rough yellow pariah dog shot through both hind legs. He was yelling like a fiend, and snapping like a crocodile. I borrowed a large Ghoorkha kookrie from our shikaree, and, baring my right arm, brought it down with all my weight on the dog's neck, behind the head, in the way I had seen Ghoorkhas kill oxen. The dog was at once out of his pain.

One of my friends was very fat, and, as he found a branch of a tree rather inconvenient, had a common native charpoy (sort of bedstead) fixed up in a fork of a tree. On this he reclined, with a gun-coolie, and a large double-barrelled gun loaded with slugs. We were tired of the goat bait, so he had got a monkey, thinking that a child-eater might be more readily tempted by its flesh. I was posted in a tree, from which I could watch the approaches to my friend's post. About midnight the moon went down, and it was almost dark. Half an hour later I heard the monkey begin to chatter, so I cocked both barrels, and watched the foot of my friend's tree. The chattering increased. Then came a blaze of light and a loud report, followed by breaking of branches, and a perfect Babel of noise. I had a pine-torch with me, and, clambering down from my tree, lit it and rushed to the spot. There, on his face, lay my friend, screaming out for me. He had upset his bed. On his back sat the monkey, tearing at his hair like a wild-cat. A few yards off lay his coolie, with the charpoy on him smashed in half. He was roaring out, "The leopard is eating me." A little further on lay a jackal, writhing with a dozen slugs in him. I kicked up the coolie, and helped my friend by knocking the monkey over with the broken leg of the charpoy. After this little upset we lit cheroots and walked back to our tents, which were pitched about two miles off.

Ram Bux, our shikaree, had given notice to all the natives round about that if the leopard appeared and carried off anything, information was to be sent to our camp before any pursuit was made. One evening we were at our tent doors after dinner, smoking, when we observed, on the other (Nepál) side of the river, a Ghoorkha coming down the hills at great speed. At the river bank he inflated a sheepskin which he carried, and crossed the rapid stream on it—just as we see on their wall carvings that the old Assyrians did—being carried down about a quarter of a mile by the current. On landing he was met by Ram Bux, who had run out on seeing him approach. They walked towards us, the Ghoorkha gesticulating violently, and we heard the following story:

The Ghoorkha lived in a hut about a mile from our camp, higher up the river, and only a hundred yards from the water. He had been out for the day on his duty, which was that of a government runner, leaving at home his wife, a baby in arms, and a little girl about six years old. The wife had gone to the stream for water, leaving the two children at the hut door. As she returned she had heard a scream, and, throwing down her pitcher, ran forward, and found at the hut door only her baby. The little girl had disappeared, and, without doubt, had been carried off by the leopard. The Ghoorkha found its footmarks on a soft bit of ground, and hastened to us without attempting a pursuit in the dense jungle. Ram Bux decided that it was too late to start that night, but asked us to be ready one hour before daylight. In the mean time he sent to the next village for twenty coolies, who were engaged as beaters at fourpence a head.

On turning out in the starlight next morning, I saw that our followers and beaters had each got some instrument for making noise. There were tin-kettles, tom-toms, bells, and an old matchlock or two. I and my two friends crossed the river on a plank lashed across two inflated buffalo skins, which kept our guns and powder high out of water. The beaters came over in all sorts of ways, some swimming, some clinging to inflated sheepskins.

When we reached the Ghoorkha's hut, the whole of our beaters were extended in a line, I standing in the middle, at the spot where the Ghoorkha had found traces of the leopard. The poor Ghoorkha himself, and Ram Bux, leading a Brinjarry dog in a string, were with me: each of them carried a spade. At a given signal the whole line started. The beaters yelled, whistled, rang bells, and beat tom-toms, making noise enough to drive away every leopard within five miles. The dog kept steadily to the scent; but our progress at times was very slow through the dense bamboo jungle.

After proceeding about a mile, the dog became very eager, dashed forward, and was not easily held in. In fifty more yards we came to the place where the brute had been supping. The mangled remains of the little girl lay about, only half eaten, and the ogre must have been scared by our noise. Without losing a moment, the Ghoorkha and Ram Bux set to work and dug a trench under a tree to leeward of the child's remains, piling up some branches between them and the trench. Ram Bux and I jumped into this trench. The Ghoorkha departed with the dog in the direction taken by the rest of our party; who kept up the same discordant din as they moved away.

Ram Bux now told me that the leopard—doubtless listening a mile off—would think, from the passing away of the noise, that the whole party had gone on, and would be sure to return in an hour or two to go on with his interrupted feast. We must be quiet, for the brute was very cunning, and the slightest sound or smell would send him off and destroy our

chance of getting a shot at him. After waiting an hour I pulled out my cigar-case, but Ram Bux forbade smoking by energetic gestures; neither of us speaking. I had a large double-barrelled smooth bore No. 12, loaded with slugs, at full cock in my hand. Ram Bux had my breech-loading rifle, with a large conical shell in it. In addition to these, I and Ram Bux had each a Ghoorkha kookrie, and I a revolving pistol. It was now nine in the morning. The noise of our party had died away over the hills for an hour or more. I had my eyes fixed on the movements of a regiment of white ants, that were piling themselves over a bloody fragment of the poor child that lay about ten yards before me. Suddenly Ram Bux put one finger on my lips, both as a sign to look out and to keep perfectly still. My fingers sought the triggers, and my eyes were strained in every direction. I could see nothing, until, in about two minutes, I discerned that the grass waved, and the next instant, with a tread of velvet, the leopard glided in front of me. The suddenness of his appearance took my breath away for some seconds, but, recovering myself, I raised my gun to the shoulder, and in doing this snapped off a little twig from a branch of the brushwood we had piled in front of us.

The leopard turned his face full on me. Thinking that he would jump off, I pulled at his chest, letting off, in my nervousness, both barrels. He sprang into the air with a yell, and fell backward. Ram Bux was out and by his side before I had risen from my knees, and had discharged the rifle in the direction of his heart. When I got up with revolver in one hand and kookrie knife in the other, the brute was tearing up the grass and roots with all four paws, and dangerous to approach. My slugs had entered his chest and eyes, and he was blind. I discharged my revolver at his hind quarters; but he writhed and leaped about so violently, that it was impossible to take good aim. Ram Bux, with his kookrie drawn, was dodging about for an opportunity of coming close enough to cut at the dangerous hind legs and sever the tendons. I went back to the trench to load my gun. As I was capping, the grass opened, and the Ghoorkha with his dog rushed up. He had evidently been waiting near, and hearing the guns fire, had hurried to revenge his child. He gave a shout of joy when he saw the animal kicking and bleeding, let go his dog, who darted at the throat of the leopard, and then himself, disregarding claws and teeth, rushed in upon him. With two strokes of his kookrie he cut the hind tendons, and the formidable hind legs were harmless. At the same moment I stepped up and discharged one barrel into the monster's gaping and bleeding mouth. This shot killed it. Ram Bux and the Ghoorkha began skinning, while I lighted a cheroot. On taking the skin off the back we came upon two fresh-healed cuts which went right through the skin, and remembered what the poor Zemindar told us a week ago of his following and hacking with a

hoe at the monster, who was carrying off his child.

After a hot march of an hour or more, we got into camp before noon, and had an ovation from the people of the adjacent villages. Every one who had lost a child by the leopard asked for one of its claws, which was hung round the neck of the mourner as an amulet.

The skin now lies on the floor of the billiard-room of a castle in the North of England.

ILL IN A WORKHOUSE.

ILL in a workhouse! How many of our readers are there, we wonder, who would form a guess, even near the truth, as to the number of the unfortunates who might be thus described. The eighteen London voluntary hospitals provide three thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight beds; but the metropolitan workhouses contain, according to the *Lancet*, twenty-six thousand six hundred and twenty-two sick and infirm persons, besides one thousand six hundred and eighty-three insane. Humanity demands that these poor creatures should be rightly tended; and, even if we could lose sight of humanity altogether, the dictates of policy would guide us in the same direction.

We all know that the great requisites for the sick are skillful medical attendance, good food, good nursing, and pure air. These things are all so essential that it would be difficult to estimate their relative importance; but perhaps pure air ought to come first. In the voluntary hospitals of London the number of cubic feet of space allotted to each patient ranges from one thousand three hundred to two thousand, in different institutions. In military hospitals one thousand two hundred feet is the regulation minimum; but, in workhouse hospitals for some unexplained reason, the Poor Law Board sanctions a minimum of five hundred cubic feet. It is not too much to say that sick persons cannot get well in so confined a space. They may survive. They may struggle through the acute stage of disease, or through the earlier effects of an accident, into a state of chronic feebleness; but they will never get *well*, not even if they are kept tolerably clean. Windows may be opened in the daytime, if the weather be fine; but the patients will poison one another at night.

The wisdom of the legislature places the practical administration of the poor law into the hands of guardians, who are mostly elected because they are prominent men as local politicians, and who very seldom have any knowledge of what is really involved in the questions with which they have to deal—no real practical knowledge of the poisonous effect of foul air upon the sick, or, for that matter, upon the sound. But they know perfectly well that space costs money, and they are apt to think that their office of guardianship calls upon them to guard the poor's rates, rather than the poor themselves. The Poor Law Board order five hundred cubic feet of

space, and the guardians think they can save a few pounds by keeping a little below this very humble standard. We have heard somewhere that the whole workhouse space of the metropolis gives an average of only three hundred cubic feet to each inmate. According to the *Lancet*, which medical authority has been doing vast service in this matter of late, there are many wards in which the space does not exceed four hundred and fifty feet per bed; and some in which it falls to four hundred and twenty-nine; and, in such places as these, cases of contagious fever are scattered about among the other patients.

In the voluntary hospitals of London, the number of surgeons and physicians, for the in-patients alone, ranges from eight to ten for each institution, and these find their duties to be no sinecure, although assisted in their performance by an army of house-surgeons, dressers, clinical clerks, and pupil-assistants of various kinds. A workhouse hospital, containing, perhaps, one hundred and fifty or two hundred beds, will be under the sole charge of a "medical officer," who is sometimes a general practitioner in the vicinity, sometimes a young man debarred from private practice and holding his appointment only until something more eligible offers itself. In the former case, the medical officer cannot have the time, and in the latter case he can scarcely ever have the knowledge, necessary for the proper management of the various and numerous forms of sickness that fall under his care. Medical officers of workhouses are only human; and, when human creatures are placed in such a position that their duties altogether transcend their powers, they invariably fall as much below the standard of what is possible, as their ideal or nominal standard is placed above it. No man can undertake a hospital with two hundred inmates, and really exercise his mind about them all, watch the changes in their conditions, and trace out the causes of their sufferings. If he begin by an honest attempt to achieve this utter impossibility, he will soon break down; and will in most cases speedily reconcile himself to a merely formal discharge of his duties in outward show; going among his people and asking them trivial or customary questions, without bringing his faculties to bear upon the significance of their replies, and giving them only the deceptive seeming of attendance, in lieu of the living reality.

In all cases of serious illness, the best efforts of the medical practitioner will be of no avail, unless seconded by proper and careful nursing; and the necessity for such nursing will be greater, the less the doctor is able to superintend the manner in which his orders are carried out. In voluntary hospitals, where such superintendence may be constant and unremitting, it has been found necessary or useful to supersede the paid nurses of a few years ago by a higher class of persons, specially trained to the right discharge of their respective duties, and fitted, by intelligence and moral character, to exer-

cise authority and maintain discipline in their wards. In the majority of cases, the so-called (and sadly mis-called) "nurses" of a workhouse hospital are simply some of the able-bodied paupers who happen to be inmates at the time. As a rule, able-bodied paupers, male or female, are persons who, by some kind of misconduct, have ceased to be able to maintain themselves honestly. Either they are too stupid, or too lazy, or too immoral, to earn a living at the business to which they have been brought up. And on this account they are employed by guardians on a business which requires a special training, a trustworthy character, and an aptitude for obtaining a moral ascendancy over others. It appears, however, that a system of paid nursing is gradually creeping in and gaining ground at several workhouses, and that it must in time supersede the present arrangement. The chief fear is lest the paid nurses, like the paid doctors, should be numerically insufficient for the discharge of their onerous duties.

With regard to the question of proper food there is no difficulty with the actually sick, if the doctor will assert and use the power which the law gives him. It not unfrequently happens that very great difficulties are thrown in his way by officials whose primary object is to "keep down the rates," and who are not sufficiently far-sighted to discover the eventual loss entailed by the careful saving of the present sixpence. The master of a workhouse has much power to thwart and annoy a medical officer, and the guardians have still more. Any contests with these officials on the question of diet or extras seldom fails to impair the efficiency of the medical service of the institution, and to recoil at last upon the sick. Where the medical officer possesses tact and firmness to use his authority without giving offence, he may in most cases succeed in obtaining any diet he pleases for cases actually in the hospital; but, where he is wanting in these important qualities, it is not at all uncommon to find a considerable official pressure brought to bear upon "sick diets."

The diet of the so-called "infirm" is, in most cases, very unsuitable. "At present," says the *Lancet*, "the mischievous anomaly remains of allowing the guardians to pretend to feed aged and feeble persons upon the tough boiled beef and the indigestible pea-soup and suet-pudding of the house diet."

And again:

"Having carefully observed the infirm patients of many workhouses at their dinners, we are confident that the charge against the ordinary house dinners—that, from one cause or another, a very considerable portion of the materials is rejected by infirm persons—is correct. In one workhouse we were very much struck with a perfect heap of leavings which the nurse of an infirm ward was collecting at the end of dinner-time; and we have heard many bitter complaints of the pea-soup as causing pain and spasm in the stomach. Now clearly, whether the house diet be or be not theoretic-

cally adequate to support ordinary nutrition, it will not bear any serious diminution (from the rejection of a portion) without becoming entirely insufficient; and it is certain that such diminution will happen in the case of all persons who from any cause are at all delicate. It is true that the surgeon has the power to order for all such persons a proper special diet; but the labour of carrying this out in large work-houses is very great, and the temptation is consequently strong to adopt the *laissez-faire* system, and allow these poor folks to struggle with their nutritive difficulties as best they may."

"An objection has been raised, in our hearing, to the idea that the infirm are at all frequently underfed, on the score of the very great age to which many of them attain in work-houses. The fact of the frequent longevity of the infirm is undeniable, but the inference drawn therefrom is a mistaken one. True, these persons live long, but they live a life of a most low grade, with the minimum of mental and bodily activity; in fact, they subside more and more into a vegetative existence; and a part of this change is distinctly traceable to the persistent under-nutrition which they experience. An intelligent workhouse master has described to us a most interesting phenomena, which we have ourselves subsequently recognised, and which he calls the 'ward fever.' This is neither more nor less than a low febrile excitement which marks the transition from their old habits of occasional plenty and occasional starvation to the grim monotony of a diet which is, for the reasons above given, uniformly insufficient."

The first of the above-cited paragraphs contains an allusion to one great cause of dietetic mismanagement; namely, the trouble that all alterations or extras entail upon the medical officer.

The Poor Law Board is not sparing in the amount of book-keeping and form-filling exacted from all its officials; but, in very many cases, the books required answer some useful purpose, and are essential to the framing of some necessary or desirable account. The Workhouse Medical Relief Book is, however, little more than an ingenious contrivance for wasting the time of the surgeon. It professes to contain the name of every sick person, with the days on which he has been visited, and with the diet ordered for him; and it is so arranged that one entry of the name suffices for visits and diets for a week. It is supposed to be kept by the surgeon himself; and he is, at all events, required to initial every separate entry in it. In a workhouse where there are nine hundred sick the surgeon has to sign his initials in this book nine hundred times every week; and as the smallest change of diet would render it necessary to put the name of the pauper upon this dreadful list, there will seldom be any disposition to make the nine hundred into nine hundred and one, so long as even that small increase can be prevented. The ordinary plan is for the book to be kept by a clerk in the

master's office, or by one of the inmates, the surgeon paying some gratuity to this irregular assistant. When the book-keeper hears that the doctor has "been round the house," he puts down a visit against the name of every sick inmate (although perhaps not one-fourth of them have been spoken to), and he also records all changes of diet, of which information is sent to him from the wards. Then, before the "board day," he waylays the doctor with, "Please, sir, to initial the book before you go." To "initial" nine hundred entries takes some time, and that time is deducted from the period allotted to the patients.

So much is the augmentation of the list dreaded, that it is the practice in many work-houses to provide the master with a big bottle of "house medicine," of "cough mixture," of "chalk mixture," and of other abominations, and to make every one who aspires to the dignity of being ill submit to a sort of probationary physicking from one or other of these bottles before he is admitted as a *bonâ fide* patient, and permitted to appear upon "the book." Common sense suggests that if a register of medical visits be required, it should not be kept by the doctor himself, and that the master is the person upon whom the registry of diets should devolve. If an authoritative medical order were required, it might be written (as in voluntary hospitals) upon a card at the bed-head of each patient.

A writer in the *Lancet* affirms that at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, "Medicines are administered with shameful irregularity. Our inquiries showed that, of nine consecutive patients, only four were receiving their medicines regularly. A poor fellow lying very dangerously ill with gangrene of the leg, had had no medicines for three days, because, as the male "nurse" said, his mouth had been sore. The doctor had not been made acquainted with the fact that the man's mouth was sore, or that he had not had the medicines ordered for him. A female, also very ill, had not had her medicine for two days, because the very infirm old lady in the next bed, who, it seemed, was appointed by the nurse to fulfil this duty, had been too completely bedridden for the last few days to rise and give it to her. Other patients had not had their medicines because they had diarrhoea; but the suspension had not been made known to the doctor, nor had medicine been given to them for their diarrhoea. The nurses generally had the most imperfect idea of their duties in this respect. One nurse plainly avowed that she gave medicine three times a day to those who were very ill, and twice or once a day as they improved. The medicines were given all down a ward in a cup; elsewhere in a gallipot. The nurse said she 'poured out the medicine, and judged according.'"

"In other respects," continues the report, "the nursing was equally deficient;" and we regret that the details of the deficiencies are too graphic to be reproduced. In a general review

of the question, however, there occurs the following passage:

"Let us picture to ourselves an infirmary where many of the wards are without tables, even for the dinners; where the medicine bottles are kept in a mass at the end of the ward with the food; where there are no prescription cards over any of the beds; where the sole medical officer, in addition to the cares of his private practice, has to perform, unaided, the whole medical service of about three hundred and forty sick patients, besides an equal total number of imbeciles and infirm—prescribing for them, dispensing for them, and being solely responsible for their entire medical care; being non-resident, and without either assistant or dispenser. Let any human being, who will calmly consider the case, suppose the position of patients in such a state of affairs: the medical officer having, in the course of the time which he can daily spare for his round, some three hours, to pass through all the wards, to carry in his memory the actual treatment employed, say for the three hundred and forty patients only, to determine what changes are necessary, to remember the alterations which he desires to make, and then set to work in his dispensary to send up the medicines. If the wretched state of the patients consequent upon the inevitable and entire failure of any one man to perform duties so extravagant were not terribly tragic, there would be something almost ludicrous in the assumption of the guardians that these poor sick people could possibly be tended by the ignorant (and usually lazy and vicious) pauper nurses under such a system. It is not to be wondered at that, in such an infirmary, abuses of the most saddening character are the rule rather than the exception."

When we know that the workhouse doctor is everywhere overworked, that the workhouse nurse is everywhere incompetent or scanty, that decent comforts for the sick are scarcely ever provided, that the occasional external cleanliness is the cleanliness of a whitened sepulchre, it is surely time for the legislature to intervene between the sick poor and their so-called "guardians," who err, probably, in most cases, more from ignorance than from cruelty. The question is one of great importance to the public, on grounds of utility as much as on grounds of humanity. While the sick do not get well, the sound languish, and children pine and dwindle, among the noisome smells, the confined atmosphere, the unscientific diet, and the intolerable monotony, of workhouse life; and all these evils are of the most costly character to the community. A labouring man, working at a distance from home, falls ill and is sent into the house. There he either dies, or at best makes a tedious and imperfect convalescence, which still leaves him unable to maintain his family. His wife and children follow him; the first to lose all self-respect and self-reliance, the latter to exchange the liberty, and the comparatively wholesome dirt of the street and the gutter, for the confinement and the unwholesome dirt of

a place from which they at last emerge, verminous and bleared-eyed, with stupid faces, cadaverous skins, and shambling walk, unwilling to labour, unable to learn, and only fit, paupers themselves, to be the parents of paupers like unto them. If the father had chanced to go into a voluntary hospital, his family and the public might have been spared this evil and this cost. If the original sufferer were not a man, but a girl—some poor servant sent to the workhouse by her employers as soon as disease attacked her—then we can only draw a veil over the probable consequences of her admission, and say that sometimes, perhaps, death would be a greater mercy to her than recovery.

In conclusion, we have only to mention the waste of material for teaching medicine which the present system involves. The cases admitted into a workhouse infirmary are types and patterns of those met with in daily life. In a voluntary hospital the cases are above the average of severity, they are discharged if they are found to be incurable, and large classes of disease are altogether excluded. A young surgeon or physician who has been educated, at unusual cost, entirely at a hospital, may have distinguished himself greatly in some departments, and may enter upon practice with a high reputation, without having ever seen a case of measles or of whooping-cough, without being familiar with the treatment of many of the slight maladies that make up so much of the sum of human discomfort, and without having any practical bedside knowledge of the methods of relieving and palliating a variety of chronic and incurable ailments. These deficiencies would not exist if workhouse hospitals were available for the purposes of medical instruction. To make them available, they must be raised from their present state of dirt and squalor, and must be made to approximate, in cleanliness, in diet, in nursing, in medical and surgical attendance, to those noble hospitals, which are as much a national glory as our workhouses are a national disgrace.

SIXTY YEARS' CHANGES.

AMONG the happiest hours of my happy youth were those spent at a farm-house in Devonshire, near the mysterious mountain called Blackin-stone, a huge granite tor, on whose top stands an enormous separate crowning stone, of which tradition says it was flung there by the Devil from Moreton Hampstead, being the result of a game at quoits, to which he was challenged by some bold fellow—they called him Dr. Faustus—who denied or doubted his satanic power, but whose defeat and humiliation are testified by another granite quoit, weighing some tons, which lies half way in the valley between the town and the tor. Its shape no doubt closely resembles that of the stone which his infernal majesty lodged safely on the Blackin-stone's head.

The heathery, furzy, stony ridge of Dartmoor

runs down to the farm, whose name is Kingswell. It has its traditions too, and the monarch who honoured it with his visitations was no less than the King of the Fairy Elves, yclept Pixies in this neighbourhood. The oral recorders of their presence and their prowess are departed and almost forgotten now, but it was not so "when I was young—O woful when!" which I re-echo to the plaints of the Devonian poet, who, being of an earlier generation, knew more about the Pixies than I.

But in this region of romance I have seen the heaven-roofed hall in which the Pixies assembled, the green turf on which they danced, the granite fountains in which they bathed, and the buttercups out of which they drank. I have heard from the lips of the believing peasantry tales of their moonlight gatherings, their sportive wicked tricks; and though to my childish, and half-credulous inquiries, somewhat timidly urged, "Have you seen them, you yourself?" the answers were somewhat pitying and reproachful, as if doubt were sin: "Zure, us have yeard all about 'em from our vathers—it is as true as truth!" In later life I have known grave men, great authorities, look down upon *Doubters* as these rustics looked down upon me, and who have added to the pity and the reproach the condemnation and the anathema!

Brightly shone the sunshine when the tenant of Kingswell came to my father and asked him to allow me to pass part of my holidays at the farm. In those days a journey to Moreton (Moortown) was a somewhat perilous undertaking. No wheeled vehicle had ever traversed the road to Exeter. The "well-to-do" farmer came on horseback, generally carrying his wife or daughter on a pillion behind, who held themselves fast by a leathern belt round the waist of the rider—indeed, every precaution was needful to their safety, for the ways were rough, steep, and stony; slips from the high banks often brought down roots, earth, heavy blocks, and heaps of pebbles to interrupt the passage, which was sometimes darkened by the intertanglings of the branches above. Some of the hills to be ascended or descended were so sharp and abrupt, and the ground so shaky and shifting, that it was the custom to dismount and lead the horse. All commodities were then conveyed in "crooks" or "panniers," which were attached to wooden pack-saddles. They brought potatoes (highly valued for their superior quality, for they are said to flourish best in an ungrateful arid soil), barley, and other agricultural produce, to be sold in the uncovered market then held in the main street of Hexon, or Hexter, the name by which the provincial city was usually known. The manufacturing interest was not unimportant. In the times I speak of, the productions of the loom were nearly equal in value to those of the land. In every cottage the noise of the shuttle was heard, and when father, or mother, or grown-up children were not engaged in the field, they were occupied in the spinning of yarn, or the weaving of woollens—principally long ells

for the trade with China, where they have retained their reputation to the present time. The same farmer who employed the labourer on his estate, distributed to him the weft and the warp, and collected the woven stuffs for account of the manufacturer and merchant in Exeter, who fulled, dyed, dressed, and packed them for exportation. The honest farmer, whose name was Smale, was one of my father's representatives, and every Friday the results of the week's gathering were brought to our mills. My affections had been warmed towards our friend by his hearty, loud-voiced greeting, the grasp of his hard hand was like that of a vice, and his "How bee 'e? How glad I be to zee 'e!" had all the ring of eloquence in my ears. Moreover, he frequently brought in a bag of what he called "waste stuff," which was barley, excellent for the use of my cocks and hens, and which I calculated gave me a considerable number of pence, when, having been paid by my mother for all the eggs consumed in the family, I made up the debtor and creditor account of the poultry-yard, which I was allowed to manage for my own personal pecuniary benefit.

Consent being obtained, and some clothes tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, I was trotted off, gay and happy as a goldfinch in spring, to the inn in the St. Thomas outskirt of the city, where a pack-saddled horse was selected for my accommodation. Off we trotted, but it was not long before I found the sharp wooden ridge of the saddle somewhat uncomfortable. I fancied it would be cowardly and unbecoming to utter a word of complaint; but a shaking and stumbling, and my balance more than once nearly lost, and a hand suddenly placed now behind and now before me for the sake of a little extra support, and no doubt a visible anxiety in my countenance, induced my protector to ask whether I might not like to walk a little: and great was my joy to think that the suggestion should come from him and not from me. I walked and walked till I was weary—made many an excuse for not getting up again—but in utter exhaustion consented to resume my seat on the uneasy edge, whose painful impressions did not abandon me for many a day.

After about eleven miles of weary travel we came to a narrow lane, which, opening from the highway, led to the valley below. We crossed a crystal brook filled with water-cresses, passed through a rude gate or two, reached the farmyard, and at the door of the house two rosy-cheeked damsels were waiting to welcome us with a welcome so cordial, that their bright eyes looked brighter, their faces glowed with a still richer red, and their smiles, how sweet, how very sweet, how very kind they were! Scarcely seated, when a plate of bread and cream was produced; they said the rule of the house was, that the bread was not to be thicker than the cream. O that rich clouted Devonshire cream! The Phœnicians (many thanks to them!) taught our forefathers to make it, and I can say, from personal knowledge, that the scholars now far

outstrip their masters in the art and craft. The depth of the slice from the loaf exceeded half an inch, covered with solid substantial cream. The rest may be fancied.

How I ran after the rabbits among the rocks, how I gathered whortleberries and blackberries, what nosegays I made of heath and honeysuckle, what a friend I found in the dog "Shepherd," who had a tail so short that it could scarcely be called a tail, and who was the most lying, loving, docile creature in the world, how I rejoiced in the blaze of the dry gorse which I was allowed to fling into the kitchen chimney; above all, how I obtained the favour of the good old father of the family, seated in his arm-chair by the rustic fire—is it not all written in the book of memory?

Many were the jokes which our Moortownian country cousins had to bear from the more refined citizens of the county capital, who sometimes honoured "the outer barbarians" with a visit, or more rarely invited them "to see life" in the western metropolis. "Why, you know very well who built your place, and how he forgot to make any road to it after the building!" "Who taught your fathers to make the cob walls, and brought the clay and the straw and the mortar to help you, long before you had a paved street or a glass window?" And then the rude rough idiom of Dartmoor was flung into the crucible of criticism by those whose own mother-English was not of the purest. "What d'ye call this?" said a young Exonian vagabond, when running away with a handful of oats from the sample-bag of a Moreton farmer, who vociferated to the passers-by: "Hurn! hurn arteren! he'th steyld my wets!"

It is a pity the hundreds of old Saxon words and forms of speech have been so imperfectly collected from the rural regions of Devon. Here is a conversation between a judge on the Exeter bench and a witness from Dartmoor:

WITNESS. Thof the doctor komm'd wei the trade (medicine), but a kudn' zee'n vur the pillem.

JUDGE. Pillem, man! What d'ye mean by pillem?

WITNESS. Lor! Not know what pillem be? Why, pillem be mucks a drow'd.

JUDGE. Mucks a drow'd! What's that?

The man lifted up his hands, astounded at his lordship's ignorance, which he thus helped to enlighten: "Why, mucks be pillem a wet!"

Once, when sitting on the bench, I noted down more than twenty obsolete words from the evidence of a single shepherd on a case of sheep-stealing.

But again looking back over two generations, I know not how order was preserved or authority maintained. I never heard of police, constable, nor watchman. Crimes were committed with which the devil—he has not yet disappeared from our indictments—or the witch—who is still a living existence in Devonshire—had always something to do. Yet everybody trusted everybody, and the doors of the houses were seldom locked or bolted by day or by night. Sheep-stealing was a common offence;

hanging followed as a matter of course; and at every assize men suffered for it at the Exeter "new drop." Here the farmers combined their detective operations with infinite zeal, and were delighted to help one another's servants to the gallows which they had so well "desarved." I recollect seeing a poor wretch hanged, of whom it was given in evidence that his family was in such a state of starvation that they devoured the mutton raw when he brought the sheep into his hovel; but even for him there was no pity or sympathy. A farmer returning from market one day, reached Moreton in a most distracted and disordered state, his horse at full gallop, his waistcoat torn open; they said his hair stood on end. He declared that he had been riding quietly on in the dark, when the devil jumped up behind him, seized him round the waist, and treated him in the most unbrotherly way. He was reported to have lost his money, and not to have been moderate in his tipple at the inn where he had "put up;" but nobody doubted his veracity, and many new frights and fears accompanied the farmers on their lonesome, gloomy, homeward way. Sometimes a murder took place, generally committed by a stranger, a wandering pedlar, a hanger-on about country fairs, and now and then a woman was convicted of poisoning her husband or killing a child; but there were no newspapers seeking sensational pabulum for their columns, and the surface of the social stream was not much or long rippled by these disturbances.

A stove or grate was a rare luxury then. Stone coal was never seen; charcoal rarely. Turf from the marshes, gorse from the moor, and now and then a wooden log, were the materials of the cottage fires. People generally sat on stools within the chimney-hearth, where the scorching from the blazing furze was sometimes intolerable; but the occupiers of the inner seats—especially in winter-time—were more disposed to put up with the annoyance than to surrender their places. In truth, the vicinity of the moor is often bitterly cold, the snow lies deep, the hail and storm rage furiously. Persons well off in the world ate barley bread, and tea was made of balm or peppermint. A cat and a dog usually formed part of the fireside group. The old men wore scarlet nightcaps, the women mob caps tied under their chins. The labourers took their meals with their masters, but at a respectful distance. The pay of the out-door peasant did not exceed a shilling a day; a hale girl might gain a shilling a week.

The principal sports of the people were Fives played against the church tower, football in the sentry field, and ninepins in the barns. Each had their distinguished representatives, who were becomingly honoured. But bell-ringing seemed the great ambition, for here the contests extended beyond the parochial bounds, and the prowess of the Moretonians was to be contrasted and compared with that of other adjacent bellfries. The names of the prize-winners—are they not chronicled in the annals of the past?

Other great men there were few. There was a gentleman rejoicing in the name of *Bragg*, who kept a pack of hounds, but of whom I never heard anything boastful or pretentious; and there were generations of clergymen called *Clacks*, the echoes of whose outpourings were not known to resound beyond the aisles of the church in which they hereditarily ministered.

In the very first house on entering the town of Moreton Hampstead there was a maniac woman, whose screams and howls were heard at a great distance, from a barred window.

Whence she came, or how she fared,
Nobody knew and nobody cared.

There were no commissioners of lunacy, no asylums then accessible to the poor, no intrusive inquirers; it was nobody's business. "Every man's house is his castle. Why should I get into trouble for what don't *concern* me?"

So in the streets there were idiots wandering about. Their names were familiar—such as Crazy Fan and Foolish Bett. They served to amuse the children, who played with them, laughed at them, tormented them; but the older passengers looked on as if they enjoyed, as they sometimes encouraged, the ribaldry of the younger. Benevolence has now directed its solicitude even towards these unfortunates.

Moreton had its celebrities. What town has not? Our school cobbler was a man of mark. His name was Ptolomy; he wrote it Tollomy; but we insisted, and he did not deny it, that he was directly descended from the great astronomer. We discovered in him an innate dignity betokening illustrious ancestry, and while he vigorously beat his leather on his lapstone, he smiled and said that perhaps we might not be far from the truth.

There were two rival barbers, brothers. They neither agreed in politics nor in religion. One was grave, the other gay. They were leading men in their separate factions. One had a singularly emphatic way of laying down the law. It was, "Dip my head, sir, if it is not so!" Had he heard of Sterne's grandiloquent coiffeur? "Dip my wig, sir, in the ocean, not a hair will turn!" But the *whiggery* was on the side of the serious Presbyterian. The other was a jolly churchman.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the religious history of our country, that while the Independents, who in the time of the Commonwealth were the most liberal and the most heterodox of our dissenting sects, have become, in the progress of time, one of the most orthodox and exclusive, the Presbyterians, who were Calvinistic, intolerant and even persecuting, are now the representatives of the most advanced of the Christian creeds. The religion of the staple woollen trade of the west—that professed by the leading merchants and manufacturers—was Unitarianism or Arianism under the Presbyterian name. There were three churches, called meeting-houses—George's, James's, and the Mint—in Exeter, where the great Dissenting schism, which repudiated the

doctrines of the Trinity, broke out nearly a century and a half ago, and almost every town in the neighbourhood had its Unitarian chapel, most of which have endowments, due to the prosperity of the now decayed, but then most prosperous, woollen manufacture, under the central patronage of a company holding royal charters as the "Incorporated Guild of Tuckers, Weavers, and Shearmen," who still possess a hall in Exeter. Moreton Hampstead had two such meeting-houses, one called the Presbyterian, the other the Baptist. A vacancy had taken place in the first, and a young man, J. H. B., was elected to fill the post. He determined at the same time to open a school, and I was not displeased when my father told me that I was to return to the old haunts which were very dear to me—to the tors, the moors, and the mountain streams, with which I had become familiar. The first sermon of the new minister was like the outburst of a first love. The text was, "Fulfil ye my joy," and it spoke of links never to be broken. Alas! for human frailty; its name is not always Woman: for within a few short months, "before the shoes were old" which had so glibly mounted the pulpit stairs, "a wider field of usefulness," to say nothing of a larger salary, enticed the faithless one away to Dudley, where he afterwards came to grief, and his history had better be buried in oblivion. But the good people of Moreton were very angry—somewhat bitter in their condemnation. The Baptist congregation was under the care of a gentle Welshman, named Jacob Isaacs. His father may have been Isaac Jacobs, for shiftings and transpositions of christian names and surnames were then, and may still be, a Cambrian usage; but he was not without his renown. He had written a book called *The Apiarian*, and was very fond of a quiet joke, declaring that he was one of the most ancient of monarchs, being king of the *Hivites*, though their associations with the patriarch Jacob were not of a very creditable character. On grand occasions a cupboard was opened for his guests, and the produce of the hive introduced—honey, mead, metheglin—and he carefully explained the essential differences between the two drinks, which I believe are absolutely the same—the one being the Saxon, the other the Welsh name. However, he insisted that the bee furnished the classical ambrosia and the nectar of the gods, and that neither gourmand nor gourmet could have tasted anything superior to either. Yet, strange to say, though so much of his life and his thoughts were devoted to his bees, they exhibited no affection, no partiality, but much ill will towards him. Instead of a protector and a friend, they deemed him an intruder and a foe, and when he approached his hives, he always covered his hands with gloves and his face with a veil, and did not hesitate to call his subjects unjust and ungrateful. Have bees no more discernment? Have they their preferences and their prejudices? For I have lately seen a bee-master open his hives, take out every separate

comb, lay them on the ground, hunt out the queen, and having discovered her amidst the bustle and the buzz of thousands, restore the combs to the hive, and again close it unstung and unmolested by any of the community.

Our school consisted of eight boarders, all of Unitarian families, of whom Exeter furnished four, Bridport two, and Sidmouth two. One-half of them—the three oldest and the youngest—have been gathered to their fathers. One died lately: Joseph Hounsell, a most lovable and excellent man, to whose memory his fellow-townsmen have erected a laudatory monument. Another, Edmund Butcher, was the son of the author of some of the most beautiful hymns in our language, among which is that beginning—

Stand still, refulgent orb of day,
A Jewish hero cries,
So shall at last an angel say,
And tear it from the skies.
A flame, intenser than the sun,
Will melt the golden urn.

The school was not without its recommendations, but the teaching was carried on at one house, while we were domiciled and were fed (under contract) at another. But unfortunately our master fell in love with the daughter of the Apirian. She was no favourite, and the rude rustics sometimes inquired of the enamoured minister, "How'z Miss Saucer-eyes?" I remember a dreadful burst of indignation when one of his own congregation put to him the question; but the "love-affair" did undoubtedly tend to the neglect of the duties of the school. The boys were hypercritical; on one occasion, when the master did not make his appearance at the proper time, they blackened all the desks with ink, and when he entered and inquired what it meant, a boy had the boldness, the effrontery, to say: "They have gone into mourning for your absence, sir!" Another time a still graver practical joke gave a more emphatic lesson to the teacher. He was, as usual, non inventus—"gone a courting." Under the schoolroom was a cellar, to which you descended by a dark steep flight of stairs. In the centre was a pump, used to supply the wants of the house, and in one corner a heap of coals for winter use. To the cellar the boys retreated. They cut off the two bottom steps, and pumped and pumped till there was a foot or two of water in the cellar. They then ensconced themselves on the coal-heap, and waited for the master's return. He came at last: it was night; found the school vacant, and, hearing a noise below, seized a candle and dashed down the staircase; he of course fell face foremost into the water, which was thoroughly saturated with coal-dust. The candle was extinguished; the boys escaped in the darkness, and left their drenched, disordered, and dismayed master to recover himself and reach the upper regions as best he could. He had his revenge, as far as a good flogging of the whole school could give it, but I thought the boys almost enjoyed the

castigation, and consoled themselves with having had the best of the sport.

How are discipline and dignity lost in schools! Mainly by want of firmness and truthfulness. Respect always, affection generally, must connect the scholar with the teacher. One more example in illustration—it may be traced to the blindness of love.

We were accustomed, accompanied by our master, to take country walks, and those walks had rare attractions. The beauty and brightness of the Devonian rivers, of which the pebbly Teign was in our immediate neighbourhood; the charms of tracing the brooks and streamlets to their sources in the hills; the wild woodland scenery; the cascades, of which one of the most picturesque is that of Beckyfall, reached through the pretty village of Manaton; the many cromlechs and dolmens, with their Druidical associations; the lofty tors; the granite boulders which seem to girdle the edges of the moor; Cranbrook and its supposed Roman intrenchment; ruined bridges; perilous fords; mountain passes, known to local but not to general fame: all in turn were visited—those afar on our half-holidays—those near in our every-day rambles. One afternoon the master led us off for a long excursion. When about a mile from the town, he told us that he had slipped over a stone, had seriously sprained his ankle, must return home without delay to seek some appliance for the mitigation of his suffering; and, having strictly enjoined us to return over the same road by which we had come, he left us, limping and with an expression of sore anguish on his countenance. What evil genius tempted us to disobedience I know not, but fearing no betrayal and no discovery, we circumambulated the road to enter it by the very opposite end to that through which we had made our sortie, when, coming near a stile, we heard the words, "Humid seal of soft affection!" and saw—O strange and perplexing discovery, equally so to him and to us,—saw our late-disabled master with his arm round the waist of his beloved, reading to her, with touching emphasis, the final lines of Rogers's charming song:

Love's first snowdrop—virgin kiss!

There was more blushing than kissing on that memorable occasion. We received no reprimand for our aberrations. Our sin was covered, if not by charity, by condonation. Our master, in fact, was at our mercy.

And yet I never think of those meannesses without a certain sneaking fondness for the man. I remember the encouragement he gave me when, in an essay on Death, he found the line, "Monarchs must die as well as meaner men." I had pilfered the phrase from a book I had been reading; but though I was half ashamed of the undeserved praise, I had not courage enough to own the plagiarism. But I do remember how one of the boys was put to open shame when, after receiving enthusiastic eulogiums for an autograph MS. poem on orchard robbery, which he read vehemently as

his own, the printed original was discovered, with one only variation, that apples had been introduced instead of pears.

WILL YOU TAKE MADEIRA?

STRETCHING out my hand in a desultory manner the other morning towards a mass of periodicals which lay on the table beside me, I was attracted by the title of a paper in one of the Reviews, on The Dangers of Madeira. Having passed five months during the winter and spring '63-64 in that island, my curiosity and interest were awakened, and I turned eagerly to the page indicated. I must confess, the title in no way prepared me for the contents. My experience led me to believe that the chief dangers of Madeira consisted in the risks incurred by break-neck expeditions on steep and stony mountains, or difficult landings and embarkings from pitching and tossing steamers, in the unsheltered little bay we accept as an apology for a harbour. I had yet to learn that the island of Madeira was dangerous because the medical profession in England "heedlessly" and "recklessly" send their patients, and the resident practitioners "attract" them thither, through "a professional system of puffing," founded on self-interest.

That there are physicians who are both superficial and mercenary, I doubt not; but my own experience, and the evidence of competent witnesses, have inclined me to believe that the leading characteristics of the class (so far as the characteristics of any one class may be admitted) are skill, devotion, and charity. Most assuredly a residence in Madeira has confirmed me in this belief, as, in so confined a space, it is difficult to hide good works, however willingly the right hand that effected them would do so. That there are some cases of pulmonary disease to which the climate of Madeira is unfavourable, I have heard asserted over and over again by medical men; but that physicians are not to be found in England who have made climate their especial study, and that there are none sufficiently disinterested in Madeira to let the patient stay, or go, without reference to their own pockets, I stoutly deny. Also, from personal experience and observation, that the healthy subject becomes enfeebled and depressed, although, like all other climates, that of Madeira is suitable to some constitutions and unsuitable to others. That Madeira is six hundred miles distant from Europe at the nearest point, I take for granted, as my globe and quadrant are not at hand; that the invalid—above all, the hypochondriacal invalid—who contemplates passing a winter there, should bear this in mind, and several other stubborn facts contingent on this one fact—such as the scarcity of posts, the intervals that must elapse between the arrival of the Times, the Morning Post, and other periodicals—I am willing to admit, although, having carefully studied my Postal Guide before my departure, I was not unprepared for the

conditions. But that there is "no society," "no public questions to discuss," that all is "stagnation," once more I enter my protest against such assertions.

So far, indeed, from nothing being heard of the "public questions of the day," the American war, for instance, the gentlemen in our quinta* heard the latest news from North and South on board a Federal and a Confederate ship the same day; and their pugnacious propensities were greatly excited by the prospect of a bonâ fide fight between the Florida and the St. Louis men-of-war, through the best telescopes in their possession.

Lengthened questions of a pecuniary nature would be misplaced here. Every kind of habitation is let by the season. The traveller, on alighting at hotel or boarding-house, is allowed a week to make up his mind whether he will remain there, or go away. Ten pounds a head per month with bedroom and general sitting-room, an extra charge for private ditto of from three to five pounds—these are the hotel terms. Private houses vary from fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds for the season; Payne or Wilkinson, the principal tradesmen, will provide everything, servants, food, &c. (linen and plate excepted), at the rate of twenty-five pounds per month for two persons; one child not counting. Hire of horse, hammock, or bullock-car (an English invention), fifteen-pence per hour. Custom-house duties are enormously high. The traveller should, as far as possible, take all requisite clothing with him. The writer of the article I complain of gives us his experience of a tedious, wearisome day in Madeira; we will make a few annotations thereon. The physician visits you early, makes observations on your health, and probably reports on that of your friends and acquaintance. One might imagine this a subject not devoid of interest to those who have travelled so far in search of health; although in what we might term a sick colony, it is not likely to form a cheerful topic. Whether it might prove profitable in any degree, to consider the changes and chances that surround you, and the noble instances of skill and sympathy and warm human love which "sorrow, sickness, and death" daily and hourly elicit, is a grave question; perhaps it may be considered an impertinent one.

To proceed. You come down to, or after breakfast, and if you reside in a quinta (although the name of the month may be December) you find the windows open to the ground, the air fragrant within and without; the girls have brought down baskets full of violets and wood strawberries from the mountains, and the invalid steps by the side of his healthy companion into the garden, or, if he be unable to do so, his chair or hammock is settled for him in a sheltered nook, to breathe the air, to inhale the perfume, to read or converse with his fellows. Even if suffering, or at best languid, he finds himself doing more or less as others do; neither cruelly cut off, nor excommunicated (as is necessarily the

* Villa.

case in a chilly northern climate), not only from the pursuits and occupations, but often from the society of his healthy associates. This, in my opinion, is one of the many advantages of Madeira to the invalid. "About mid-day," the writer goes on to say, "you proceed in your hammock to the Commercial Rooms." That depends mainly on the orders you give your bearers; you might bid them carry you up a winding road between hedges of sweet geraniums and thickets of cacti, under arches that connect rival gardens, golden with the hanging branches of bignonia, or purple with the regal blossoms of the Bougainvilleas, to a spot as sheltered as your own verandah, and there you may read or listen (if fortunate enough to have a companion) to something more genial than "the conversation of Brown, Jones, and Robinson." We take it for granted we are speaking to a traveller who has provided himself with a few books for his edification in "exile." More especially as we are told, that conversation turns on the same melancholy subject which your physician exhausted in the morning. Although, be it remembered, in Madeira there is a daily struggle for life going forward, and it is no more surprising that the results should be discussed, than that soldiers should count up the numbers of those who fall, and who survive, in a military campaign. The question naturally arises, Why repair to the reading-room at all? The joys of a small reading-room in any small place appear to us problematical, even in that island we proudly call our home. At all events, this daily visit is optional. "The same two miles of level ground," although the view it commands is ever varying, ever new, must, we should conceive, become wearisome on the one hundred and tenth repetition of the ride; but, as a good canter is usually the chief reason adduced for frequenting the new road, I should advise the invalid who is restricted to a foot's pace, to turn his horse's head up one or other of the innumerable roads which intersect Madeira, and I promise him that every new point of view, will offer some new and startling feature of picturesque beauty.

The nights are balmy, the sky usually so clear, that the heavenly bodies gain in apparent size and brilliancy. It is true that the invalid is usually ordered home a little before sunset, and of course if he be so unfortunate as to have contracted no domestic ties before, or formed no friendships since his arrival, his evening will be solitary, as it would be in any other latitude—with this difference, that in Madeira (on most evenings) his chair may be placed within reach of the open window, where the breath of the night-smelling flowers is laden with soft messages from the sweet season, even on the vigil of the holy Christmas festival.

The town of Funchal is squalid and poverty-stricken. Beggars abound, and lepers are indeed plentiful; but if the invalid be too hypochondriacal to bear such sights, let him turn his horse's hoofs, or his bearers' steps, away from the town altogether.

And now I would be allowed a few words on the subject of hired horses, which the article calls "miserable hacks from the livery-stables at Lisbon"—where it happens that there are no livery-stables. In the quinta where I resided there were several Englishmen, good judges of horses; and although we changed our hacks once or twice before we were suited, yet at the expiration of a very short period our stable boasted a very (for hired horses) fair stud. As to the hammock, naturally this is a matter of opinion, whether as a means of transport it be tedious and wearisome, or luxurious.

But to proceed to the meteorological and scientific observations adduced by the writer, who appears to regard the late Dr. Mason as the only reliable authority respecting the climate of the place. He talks of personal abuse and futile objections, as the only answers vouchsafed to Mason's statements. The critical remarks I have met with on the subject, tend to show what the doctor himself wished to be clearly understood—that the results of his hygrometrical observations, the principal point at issue, cannot be regarded as applicable to Funchal in general, but only to the locality where they were made. For information respecting this locality, I would refer the writer of the article, and my readers, to a very able pamphlet on the climate of the island, by James Mackenzie Bloxam, who, be it observed is neither a "principal tradesman," nor a "professional puffer." In this essay, Dr. Mason's inferences are discussed and reduced to their true value in a calm and philosophical spirit, worthy of imitation. For our present purpose it suffices to state, that it is fully proved that Mason's hygrometrical results most certainly do not apply to the parts of Funchal, or the class of tenements, in which invalids are now recommended to reside. Dr. Mason's observations were made in 1835, and since the posthumous publication of his book in 1850, many able men have been at work, the result of whose labours may be found in White's excellent guide-book, and the well-known works of Barral, and Mittermaier. None of these writers deny that the climate of Madeira belongs to the moist section, but they fully prove Dr. Mason's inferences as to its extreme humidity, to be overrated. The author of the article, in a paragraph nearly copied word for word from the same source, speaks of iron oxydised, of boots and shoes covered with fungus, and of damaged clothes. He gives an extract, showing how Dr. Mason suffered from extreme lassitude, and many other symptoms of malaria, when resident at Funchal; but, from some unaccountable cause, he entirely suppresses the latter part of the paragraph, in which the doctor himself ascribes all this mischief to the existence of the tank in his own garden, and complains that his landlord would not believe that the water which had been kept in it for two months, could possibly become offensive. This is what we should call half evidence. The climate of Madeira is humid; but (let it be clearly understood we

are speaking in general terms, and not of the occasional seasons of heavy rains, and consequent close muggy atmosphere, which visit Madeira in common with all semi-tropical climates) there is none of the danger and discomfort of damp; dampness does not cling to us or to our clothes.

A friend of my own (not an invalid) wrote from the island: "I feel as if I were floating in liquid velvet." Dr. Mason himself says: "It would be difficult to persuade many of the residents that the climate is damp, notwithstanding the instrumental indications of a considerable per-centage of humidity." To this I can bear witness, as I was rather obstinate on this point for some time, and was always feeling my own silk gown or my own hair to corroborate my assertions. Also my own experience goes to prove that in all the various materials of silk, linen, woollen, and velvet that go to furnish a woman's wardrobe, the least sign of damp was never detected; nor was one particle of rust—the medical friend who resided under the same roof, assures me—ever detected on his surgical instruments; although in our respective apartments there were no fire-places, and the windows were left open day and night for five months, with the exception of one or two nights during some heavy rains.

A word more, and we have done. One of the concluding paragraphs in the article speaks in such favourable terms of the hygienic properties of Iceland and Greenland, that we cannot but fancy the writer may be induced to escape "the dangers" of a winter in Madeira, by a visit to one of these countries. If so, we sincerely trust he will favour us with his new experiences, written in a more genial and less hypochondriacal spirit, than that which characterises his notes on the Flower of the Atlantic!

COLONEL AND MRS. CHUTNEY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"It won't do, Wilson," said Mrs. Chutney; "five and nine are fourteen, and seven are twenty-one; the currie powder three shillings, and the chillies three and fourpence. You are eightpence short." And she looked up into the severe functionary's face anxiously.

"Well, 'm," returned the injured cook, "I have lived in the best of families, and kept the books, and I must say it's discouraging to have insinuations—"

"I am sure, Wilson," interrupted Mrs. Chutney, timidly, "I have no intention of insinuating anything. I am rather nervous this morning. I cannot count up coolly now, for Colonel Chutney will be down directly. I will try again after breakfast. And oh, Wilson, *do* make the toast crisp."

"The toast!" repeated Wilson, in a high key. "Well, 'm, I did think you knew as that's the page's business."

"Oh! it is the page's business? I didn't know," said Mrs. Chutney, slightly humiliated.

"You may go now, Wilson, and take those books with you."

But before Wilson could obey, Colonel Chutney entered and cut off her retreat.

The colonel was accurately attired in a morning suit of dark brown; a fresh-looking, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with broad shoulders and a powerful frame. A quick frown came and went habitually on his brow, against which was often balanced a smile of some sweetness. A superficial observer would say he was a very energetic person. A deeper insight suggested irritability and preciseness.

He walked silently to the breakfast-table, while Mrs. Chutney rang the bell, and then hastily regulated her writing materials.

"Louisa," began the colonel, portentously, "whose duty is it to attend to my dressing-things, hey?"

"Why, Sophia's, dear. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Wrong! When is anything right in this house? There are my boot-hooks on the wrong side of the table again—a second time, by Jove! If I had these lazy vagabonds in the East, egad, I'd give them stick enough. But I was a fool to leave Rudnuggadhar for the misery and neglect of this wretched rat-hole!"

"But, my love, I am sure everyone tries all they can to make you comfortable. Do not talk of that horrid hot place. See how nice and cool—"

"Cool?" repeated the colonel. "I tell you, I never suffered so much from heat in all my life, as I endure in England. Everything is arranged here for winter, and, when a few hot days come, phew! you are melted, scorched, burnt up. Hot clothes, hot streets, hot houses, and, confound it, worse than all, hot beer!"

Disgusted, he seated himself at the breakfast-table.

"Where is that confounded boy? And" (pointing to cook) "what is she doing here?"

Mrs. Wilson, who had been waiting for her turn to come, hastily retreated.

"You see," began Mrs. Chutney, hesitatingly, "I thought I should have time to go over the books with her before you came down, dear."

"Ha! Just your usual way. Everything out of place; everything out of time. There you are, hurrying over your books that require the utmost deliberation, keeping Wilson here while the hall is in disgraceful confusion."

The page entered and set on the breakfast, while the irate colonel continued: "I stumbled over a broom and a mat! a mat *and* a broom, by Jove! as I came down. Lift this," pointing to the cover, and addressing the page. "Ha! bloaters again!"

"But you said you liked bloaters," urged Mrs. Chutney.

"Who said I didn't?" returned her husband, "but the next time I get them twice in the same week, I'll go and breakfast at the club."

The repast now proceeded in peace—that is, silence—for a while, when the page re-entered,

and informed Colonel Chutney that his tailor had waited on him by appointment.

"Show him into the dining-room. I will be with him directly," returned the colonel. "Louisa," he continued, "write a note to Samperton; ask him to come and dine on Thursday, or to fix his own day. We'll get Thompson and Mango, and Mr. and Mrs. Bullion to meet him. Nice woman Mrs. Bullion! Quite a woman of the world; has her wits about her. I would not mind laying long odds that Bullion never stumbles over mats and brooms when he comes down to breakfast."

"I wish Tom was in town; he is always so agreeable at dinner," said Mrs. Chutney, wisely ignoring the disparaging conclusion of the colonel's speech.

"Where is that scamp of a brother of yours?" asked her husband.

"Oh, he is improving greatly! He has gone out of town somewhere to study; and is so determined to work, that he will not give his address to any one, fearing to be interrupted."

"Ha! he may have other reasons. However, you have finished breakfast, so sit down, write to Samperton, and I will post the note myself." Mrs. Chutney rose obediently, and seated herself at the writing-table. "Don't forget," continued the colonel, "to ask him for an answer."

"Why, of course he will send an answer if—"

"There's no of course in the case," said Colonel Chutney, sharply. "Just write as I tell you;" then turning at the door, he added, "and be sure you write to Deal about that ottoman. It is too big. It is disgraceful!" And he left the room.

Mrs. Chutney dipped her pen in the ink and began. She was a gentle timid woman, and had been early left an orphan to the care of a severe, strong-minded maiden aunt, her father's sister. Although she had a trifling independence, enough to pay for her maintenance and education, her aunt, nevertheless, treated her as if she was the most abject dependent. Her brother, a year or two older than herself, had, for no particular reason, selected medicine as his profession, and was the very type of a medical student. He was a source of constant anxiety to his sister, whose principal comfort lay in the society of her cousin, Mary Holden, a girl about her own age, who was also a ward of the formidable aunt, Miss Barbara Bousfield.

Both these girls had been placed at the respectable establishment of Mrs. and the Misses Monitor by their guardian while yet children. Here they remained for nearly ten years, happy, with the inalienable joy of youth, despite the frowns of Aunt Bousfield, the monotony of school life, and the absence of future prospects; especially for Mary Holden, whose little all did not afford more than enough to pay for her preparation for more mature years, when she had nothing but her own exertions to look to.

Yet so much more depends on character than circumstance, that Mary Holden, the poorer of

the cousins, successfully held her own against the formidable aunt; while both Louisa and Tom Bousfield trembled even at the shadow of her coal-scuttle bonnet.

Mrs. Chutney had scarcely finished one of her notes when the door opened, and a young lady entered in bonnet and shawl—a graceful-looking girl, shorter and slighter than Mrs. Chutney, with large dark grey eyes, shaded by black lashes, and brown, wavy, glossy hair, a pert little nose, and a mouth so red-lipped, so arch, so changeable in expression, and parting to show such radiant teeth, that you readily forgave it for being larger than regulation beauty admits. She wore a delicately-tinted summer dress, and a *barège* shawl draped à la Parisienne. Miss Holden had, by much courage and dexterity, obtained leave to spend the last year in a Parisian "pension," for sundry educational reasons, and that she might, a few months hence, be justified in putting forth, "French acquired on the Continent," as one of her recommendations when commencing the real battle of life. She had now settled as a parlour boarder at the old school; which had the advantage of being in the neighbourhood to her cousin Louisa.

Mrs. Chutney's face brightened as she rose to kiss her visitor.

"Oh, Mary dear! I am so glad to see you! How is it that you are so early?"

"Well, Aunt Barbara called for me this morning," replied Miss Holden, "and hurried me along in her usual rapid style; then she stopped suddenly near this, and exclaimed, 'There, I forgot, I took you out too soon! I don't want you—go see your cousin, and say I will call about luncheon-time.'"

"No matter what reason," said Mrs. Chutney, affectionately; "I think it good if it brings you here."

"What is the matter with you, Louisa?" was Mary's not very relevant reply; "you look as if you were in some kind of trouble."

"Oh! nothing particular, only I am always wrong about something or other, and I fear I shall never be right."

"No, you never will be right as long as you think so, Loo dear. Just believe firmly you are never wrong, and the chances are, that two-thirds of the world will agree with you. You are a dear good soul, worth a dozen of me; but you let every one put you aside. You are always fancying you have staked your last throw. Pooh, love, there is no such thing as a last throw! Life is Fortunatus's purse—while there is life, there is hope."

Mrs. Chutney's reply was interrupted by the colonel's loud voice outside: "No, sir, certainly not! you agreed to fit me, and you have *not* fitted me. A waistcoat! Nothing of the sort, sir. I say it's a bag—a bag, sir. No alterations for me, O no. A new one, or nothing."

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutney, "I have not finished my notes. Speak to him, dear, when he comes in—keep him engaged."

She had hardly re-seated herself when the

colonel entered. "Ah! Mary!" he said, blandly, "blooming and bright as ever! Come, Mary! a kiss—you know we are cousins."

"Ah, you wicked man!" returned Mary, offering her cheek, "when *will* you get rid of your wild soldier ways?"

"Pooh, my dear girl," said the colonel, smoothing his cravat, "I am tamed now—the old pleasant devil is exorcised, and the rover is turned into the slave of the ring—eh, Loo?"

Mrs. Chutney was too busy writing even to pretend to hear.

"There is a large slice of the—a—the gentleman you named—left for all that, colonel," replied Mary. "I saw an old friend of yours, a few days ago—Captain Peake. He came to see a couple of little Indian orphans at Mrs. Monitor's. He had tea in the drawing-room, and," peeping through her fingers, "told *such* tales of you, colonel."

"What the deuce could he tell," returned the colonel, feigning to be a little alarmed. "He knew very little of me, and—ah—oh! I remember Peake, he commanded the Hastings in the second China war."

"Did he? I should not have thought him old enough for that. But Mrs. Monitor will never let you inside the doors again. She thinks you such a dangerous character!"

"Oh, she does?" said the colonel, complaisantly. "Well, once it would not have been easy to keep me out where I wanted to get in. Loo, we must have Peake to dine some day. Have you finished your invitations? for I must be off."

"I shall be ready directly," replied Mrs. Chutney, sealing her notes. "There!"

The colonel took out his glasses to examine the directions. "That's all right," he observed. "I shall send the boy with this one to Deal. Keep Mary to dinner, Loo." And, with a general wave of the hand, Colonel Chutney departed.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Chutney, "I wish I could manage him as well as you do!"

"Loo dear," returned Mary, laying her hand impressively on Mrs. Chutney's arm, "I have one enormous advantage over you."

"Pray, what is that?"

"I am not his wife. But, Loo, dear, I have not seen you for three days, and have not been able to have a real talk since the morning you left me at Mrs. Bullion's palazzo in Regent's Park, and O, I had such an adventure."

"An adventure?" repeated Mrs. Chutney.

"You shall hear." Her cousin's eyes sparkled with fun and mischief. "I had not sat five minutes before some one was announced by the palazzo valet a name so utterly distorted that I haven't a notion what it is, and there entered a tall, aristocratic, well-dressed, good-looking man."

"A stranger?"

"I never saw him in my life before. After the first greetings he scarcely spoke to the hostess, but addressed himself much too exclusively to me. That did not embarrass me so much; only while uttering common-places he would look tenderly at me!"

"Your fancy, Mary, depend upon it," remarked Mrs. Chutney, gravely.

"Fancy or not, he shortened my visit; and I had hardly walked to the end of Portland-place before I *felt* him coming after me."

"What nonsense!"

"The instinct was a true one," continued Miss Holden, "for presently he was at my side, lifting his hat gracefully, and turning all sorts of compliments. Of course I felt a little frightened. Still I could not resist the fun of it, somehow."

"You surely did not encourage him?"

"To the extent of asking him to be so very kind as to call a cab for me, in order to get rid of him."

"And you *did* get rid of him?"

"Not altogether; for yesterday morning I was returning from Kensington with a book for Miss Monitor, and, when near to the Old Palace, my fashionable admirer suddenly presented himself and addressed me again."

"Mercy, Mary!" cried Mrs. Chutney aghast, "what did he say?"

"Well, nothing worthy of death or bonds; only that I had never been absent from his mind, and all that, you know—the usual formula. I fear I laughed."

"Oh, Mary!" interrupted Mrs. Chutney, in a distressed tone, "how could you be so imprudent! What will that gentleman think of you?"

"Nonsense, love," returned Miss Mary with a saucy smile, "don't grudge me a little harmless diversion. Remember what a dull life I lead. And this man! Why, I shall never see him again; if I do, trust me to take care of myself. Now put on your bonnet and let us take a stroll in the gardens while the morning is cool."

CHAPTER II.

THE same bright morning which shone upon the gorgeously furnished house in Richmond-gardens, Bayswater, was lending more than ordinary effect to the various costly buhl and marqueterie tables, cabinets, and rich textures displayed in the renowned show-rooms of Messrs. Deal, Board, and Co., upholsterers, Piccadilly.

It was yet too early for any of their distinguished customers to drop in. Mr. Adolphus Deal—who had become the head of the firm on the death of the honest old cabinet-maker his father—had not yet appeared above the visible horizon. He was an exaggerated specimen of the modern fashionable tradesman who incongruously combines the fine gentleman with the eager shopkeeper. He had a profound belief in himself as a man of taste, a man of business, and a man of pleasure.

A few shopmen were dotted about, and a grey-headed old clerk occasionally addressed a remark to them through a pigeon-hole in an enclosed desk where he was shut up like a parrot in a cage.

"Half-past twelve!" he ejaculated, "and no Mr. Deal. It would be better," coming out of his box, his pen behind his ear—"it would be better if he left the concern to Board altogether."

The shopman thus addressed, winked. "Don't

you know where he's gone to? Why, to Richmond-gardens, to be sure, about Colonel Chutney's orders."

"And a pretty hash he has made of them!" the clerk added. "What with false measures, and contradictory orders, the fitting up of Colonel Chutney's house has been more bother than profit."

"Ah!" remarked the shopman, lowering his voice, "that don't matter to Deal. He'd go there every day if he could. Why, when the colonel's wife knocked down the 'leven-guinea vauze here, didn't he pick up the pieces and say it warn't of no consequence? O, he's deadly sweet upon her, he is!" No form of impudence is so thoroughly intense as the assumptions of a certain class of young shopkeepers who see enough of their aristocratic customers to imitate their dress, manners, and external vices—except the insolence of their shopmen, who imitate *them*. The clerk's reflection on his master on the matter took this form: "Well, them 'spec-table, smooth, elegant, soft-spoken sort, never has no kind of morals to speak of."

At this moment enter Mr. Adolphus Deal in an exquisitely fresh summer morning costume of light grey, with turned-down collar, a moss rose in his button-hole, a bunch of charms at his watch-chain, and a flaring red and mauve cravat drawn through a massive ring, luxuriant whiskers and moustache of auburn tinge, and unexceptionably small Balmoral boots.

Deal, on removing his hat, passed one hand meditatively through his hair.

"Briggs," he said, "where are those fragments? I mean the pieces of the jar Mrs. Chutney broke the other day?"

"Oh! I sent them to Pastucci, the china-mender, sir, and he says he will make it a real antique now," answered the shopman.

"Ah!" returned Mr. Deal, pensively. "Some one must go to Richmond-gardens about that ottoman. Perhaps, though—"

He was interrupted by an errand-boy, who with much respect handed him a delicately addressed note bearing a crest and monogram. Mr. Deal gazed at it with affected indifference, and finished his sentence before opening it—"Perhaps, though, I had better go myself, Briggs."

His patience could carry him no further, and hastily retiring to a dingy sanctum reserved for the head of the firm, he tore open the envelope, and scarcely could he believe his delighted eyes as they showed him what follows:

"My dear Sir. Knowing your time is much occupied, I venture to ask the pleasure of your company to a quiet dinner here on Thursday next, with some hesitation. If, however, that day is inconvenient, pray name one most suitable to yourself. Excuse my fixing the early hour of six; but you know Colonel Chutney's peculiar habits, and I must study him.

"Yours truly,

"LOUISA CHUTNEY.

"23, Richmond-gardens, Monday."

The effect of this simple note upon the susceptible Adolphus was electric. There is no knowing what vagaries his ecstasy may not have

prompted him to commit in the presence of his entire establishment, had not a summons suddenly arrived from the largest show-room. A lady had asked to see him, and him alone, declining to transact any business save with the principal. Mr. Deal had to descend from the supreme altitude to which Mrs. Chutney's letter had raised him. In the centre of the apartment he beheld a tall thin elderly lady, destitute of crinoline, attired in a skimpy black silk dress, a bonnet more suited to a museum of defunct fashions than modern wear, a small white shawl, stout walking-shoes tied on the instep, white stockings, and black gloves with long empty finger-ends.

"Hum—ha!" said Miss Bousfield, poking a complicated arm-chair with the large and baggy umbrella, which, together with a steel-rimmed, steel-chained capacious bag, she invariably carried. "What's that?"

"This is a very curious mechanical contrivance," replied Mr. Deal, blandly [the enrapturing thought crossed him, "The angel's aunt!"], but with that assumption of scientific knowledge which high-art salesmen assume. "Only out yesterday, and not yet named. We intend to denominate the chair 'The Loungiensis Multifarium.' You touch this spring, it lowers the back to recline the head. You touch that, and (click) out comes a footstool. Press the other, and an elbow spontaneously projects itself. Here you observe is a—"

"That will do," interrupted Miss Bousfield. "I am neither a cripple nor a lunatic." Mr. Deal bowed. "I want something"—she paused—"something as a present for my niece, Mrs. Chutney."

Every fibre in Deal's frame quivered at the mention of that name. He said, fervently, that the entire resources of his establishment should be placed at Miss Bousfield's command for so delightful an object.

"Of course they will," said Miss Bousfield, tartly, "if I am ready to pay for them. But I don't want any costly rubbish. Show me something sensible for about six pound ten." And she made a short mental calculation of the probable cost of a circular dumb waiter lately presented to her by Colonel Chutney, beyond the value of which she was determined not to advance. Miss Bousfield considered presents as debts, and always paid them at the rate of twenty shillings in the pound.

"Something sensible for six, ten," repeated Mr. Adolphus Deal, thoughtfully.

Here Mr. Deal despatched his men for several inlaid cabinets, buhl work-tables, bronzes, and ormolu ornaments. Miss Bousfield touched each of them dangerously with her umbrella, and Deal did not even wince.

"Pooh! Mere finery! Have you nothing of a teapoy, or a writing thing?" Several such articles were produced. "What's this?" asked Miss Barbara, examining a teapoy.

"The new garde thé—registered," replied an attendant.

"The price!" demanded Miss Bousfield, fiercely.

"Oh, it's a cheap article, madam. Fifteen guineas."

"I don't know guineas. Fifteen pounds fifteen for a toy that would come to pieces in a couple of months near a fire! Nonsense! What is this?" asked Miss Bousfield, nearly overturning a work-table with her umbrella.

"Twenty guineas. I mean twenty-one pounds," replied Deal, examining the ticket.

"Where do you all expect to go to?" exclaimed Miss Bousfield, with sudden energy. "I'd see every stick of furniture in London burning before I would give way to such extortion. Let me out of this." And she made a sudden rush to the door.

"Stop, madam," cried Deal. "Stop, I entreat. We must find something for the adorable—I mean the most interesting—object you have in view."

"If you please, sir," said the old clerk, coming out of his desk at this critical moment, "there is a davenport up-stairs, returned by Sir Frederic Samperton after he had had it a week or two, as not solid enough. We might put it at eight guineas."

"Be seated for a moment, madam," entreated Deal. "Here it is," he said, "at your own price."

Miss Bousfield frowned upon the article severely. Her scrutiny was satisfactory. "You know my price; six, ten."

"Then six, ten be it, madam," returned Deal, bowing, and washing his hands in the air.

"Now call a cab, and I will take it away with me," said the customer, counting the money out of her massively-steeled bag.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. CHUTNEY and Mary Holden had returned from their morning walk, and, having thrown off their bonnets, sat down quietly in the drawing-room to await the colonel's return to luncheon. They had greatly enjoyed the morning's companionship. Mrs. Chutney, timid and confused when flurried by the colonel, always felt support and encouragement from her cousin's fearless spirit and her ready sympathising affection. She held a complicated whity-brown web to which she occasionally added a few stitches with the crochet-needle, while Miss Holden appeared to be reading the Times.

"These have been very happy hours, dear," said Mrs. Chutney, laying down her work, and resting her arm on the table beside her. "I wish you could come oftener."

"You see the day is hardly long enough for all I have to get through," replied Mary. "You know that, like yourself, I have no money; but, unlike you, I have not a rich husband. I suppose you would cut me if I followed my own inclinations?"

"How, dear?" asked Mrs. Chutney.

"Well, I do not fancy the legitimate line for distressed gentlewomen—the meek, ill-treated governess, with some hard-hearted matron for a task-mistress, half a dozen unruly pupils, and a scampish young nobleman making love in the background. Though I should rather like that part of it."

"Mary, Mary! how wildly you talk!" said her gentle cousin.

"No," continued Miss Holden, "I would prefer trying on cloaks at Marshall and Snelgrove's; or, Loo dear, selling tarts at a pastry-cook's in a garrison town. That *would* be jolly!"

Mary was the orphan daughter of a captain in a marching regiment, which may account for some of her eccentric tastes.

"Ah! Mary—a good husband, and a comfortable home!"

"But show me them! You have both, yet there was a brighter smile in your eyes, and a happier repose on your lips, in the old days when we turned our frocks, sponged our silks, washed our ribbons, darned our stockings, and mended our gloves together."

"Don't talk of it," exclaimed Mrs. Chutney.

"I seem somehow to have lost my courage. I cannot please my husband—and then, you know, I had no fortune—at least nothing to speak of. I am the creature of his bounty. And I am always afraid of his finding out my mistakes; for I have grown, oh! so stupid."

"My dear," cried Mary, "you are a goose. No money! Hadn't *he* plenty? Did you not give him yourself—your tender true heart. I know you love him. Don't you care for his comforts with a watchfulness no money could purchase or reward? Money is all very necessary, but there are things to which money is dross. I say, Loo, do not be so down-hearted. Just show the colonel your value; contradict his whims, disregard his storms in a teacup; don't give him a kiss when he asks for one."

"But he never does ask for one," said Mrs. Chutney, dejectedly.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Holden, with strong emphasis, "I really thought better of him! But hush! I hear a ring. It may be the colonel. There, I have pulled the tablecloth crooked, and mind you stand up to him like a woman—nothing secures peace like an armed neutrality."

"Well, I'll try," returned her cousin, as Colonel Chutney entered.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, "it's terribly hot. Loo, I want some brandy and soda-water, iced, mind—iced."

Mrs. Chutney rang the bell and gave directions to the page, while the colonel continued addressing Mary: "I see you have been out; too lazy, I suppose, to go up-stairs" (pointing to their bonnets, which lay upon a sofa); "I must say" (with an irritable laugh), "I do not approve of amalgamations—drawing-rooms and dressing-rooms are better kept apart."

"Well, I do not agree with you," said Mary, carelessly; "by mingling two good things you increase the sum total of excellence."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the colonel; "Loo, look at that table-cover!"

"Form square, repel cavalry," said Mary, in an emphatic whisper to her cousin.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Chutney, quietly.

"It is crooked—it is infernally crooked. If

there is one thing more than another which shows a total indifference to appearance, a culpable negligence of duty on the part of the mistress of a house, it is a crooked table-cover."

"You had better put it straight, love," said the wife, quietly.

"What do you mean?" cried the exasperated colonel.

Mrs. Chutney laid down her work and half rose. Mary threw herself on her knees and held her down by her dress. Making an imaginary search on the floor, she exclaimed, "You have dropped your thimble." Here the page entered with the desired soda-water.

"Please, 'm, cook says the fishmonger has not sent the ice."

"I knew it. I expected it!" ejaculated the colonel, walking up and down the room; "when was ice producible in this house in proper time—or anything else fit for a gentleman?"

"If I had known," began Mrs. Chutney, apologetically—

"No explanations," whispered Mary; "charge home."

"Go for some ice instantly," continued Mrs. Chutney to the page. "Do not excite yourself, my dear, it will be here directly."

"Why do you not have an ice-house in the garden, colonel?" said Mary, "and then you could cool yourself there sometimes."

The colonel stopped short in the act of wiping his brow, and stood transfixed. Miss Holden laughed, and adroitly changed the subject. "Do you know, colonel, I like your new morning suit immensely. Turn round. Why, Louisa, how could you say it was unbecoming?"

"Did she say so?" asked the colonel anxiously. "You ought to have told me, Loo. What is your objection?"

The colonel surveyed himself in the glass, feeling an uncomfortable sort of uncertainty some mischief was brewing. What if his much-enduring Louisa was going to be rebellious, to object to systematic annihilation, and develop ideas, wants, and wishes of her own! He must seem amiable, to avert such a calamity.

"I have been detained rather longer than I expected, Mary," he began, blandly, "by an interesting visit. You were the topic of a very flattering conversation."

"Dear me," said Miss Holden, "an ambassador to ask the honour of an alliance!"

"Better still, the contracting party himself, I suspect."

"You are not in earnest!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutney.

"It's a fact, though," said the colonel. "I was leaving the club, when Captain Peake came up to me; and, after a little talk about the East, and our mutual acquaintances there, he, in a very manly and straightforward way, stated that he had met you at Mrs. Monitor's: that the esteem in which you were held, the regard shown for you on all sides, had made an impression on him, which—By-the-by, what's for luncheon? for Peake said he would be here at one thirty, and," looking at his watch, "he is due now."

Mary, who had listened in silent astonishment, now broke in: "But, Colonel Chutney, the man must be mad! I never saw him but three times, when he had tea with Mrs. Monitor, and then he stared so, and seemed so nervous, that he made me nervous too. How could you let him come here?"

"You nervous! that's a good joke!" repeated Colonel Chutney; "and as for Peake, he was one of the most courageous fellows in the Indian Navy. I spoke to one or two men in the club about him after he left me, and heard the highest character of him. Why, he was noticed in despatches for a daring rescue of a merchant craft from some piratical Chinese junks in 'fifty-three."

"Pooh!" returned Mary. "There is no great heroism in facing a legion of Chinese. I fancy I could put an army of them to flight myself."

"Oh, Mary!" interrupted Mrs. Chutney in a tone of remonstrance, when the door was thrown open, and the page announced "Captain Peake;" whereupon entered a broad-shouldered, good-looking man, probably forty years of age, with small whiskers and thick drooping black moustache. His complexion and clothes were deep brown, as if sunburnt generally all over; his hands (he wore no gloves, though a brilliant diamond ring sparkled on his little finger) partook of the general tint; he had a broad honest face, with grave dark eyes, a quantity of dark hair, and a sailor-like look.

During luncheon the captain's performances were precisely those of a man painfully in love. He did not say much, and seemed afraid to look up when he did speak. Chutney rallied him so boisterously, that even Mary Holden blushed, and Mrs. Chutney broke in with timid remonstrances. After luncheon the two gentlemen retired to the bow-window, and, entangling themselves in the gorgeous window-curtains, held a whispered conversation. Nothing was overheard but an anxious question from Peake, which seemed to ask "if there was any other fellow in the way?" What this meant could not be guessed; for at this moment the door was opened violently, to admit Miss Barbara Bousfield. "Steady! Mind what you are about," she exclaimed. "Don't scratch the walls or break the banisters;" and she slowly backed into the room, followed by a cab-driver and the page carrying a davenport. They set it down, and a short, sharp, and decisive conflict ensued, ending in the discomfiture of "cabby," and his grumbling departure. Then, and not till then, did Miss Barbara lower her umbrella from its threatening position, and standing at ease, addressed Mrs. Chutney. "There, Louisa, I have brought you a present; so don't say you got nothing from me towards your furnishing. It's a useful concern, not the sort of frippery that is generally made up for women. There—there's a desk to write at; here are drawers to keep your account-books and papers in; here are accounts paid; here unpaid—hope you'll have very few there. I believe there are some secret drawers, too, but you'll not care

about them. Married women should have no secrets." While Aunt Barbara spoke, Colonel and Mrs. Chutney examined the davenport with exclamations of delight. Captain Peake looked on with quiet attention; meanwhile the page entered, unperceived by all save the last-named personage, and delivered a letter to Miss Holden, which she looked at with much attention and curiosity, but still without opening it.

"My dear aunt," exclaimed the colonel, "I am touched; by Jove! I am a good deal affected by your kindness and generosity in making my wife so very handsome a present. I know she shares my sentiments." Shakes hands with Miss Bousfield.

"I am sure, Aunt Barbara, I am greatly obliged," chorused Mrs. Chutney; "and I shall try and keep it very nice and tidy."

"I hope so," said the colonel, more emphatically than hopefully. And, glasses in hand, he proceeded to point out the beauties and usefulness of their acquisition to his wife.

"It looks more like a man's affair, colonel, doesn't it?" said Mary, carelessly.

"What do you mean?" asked Aunt Barbara, fiercely.

"Why, the sort of solid heavy thing that seems to suit a man's chambers."

"I am not offering it to you," said Aunt Barbara, striking her umbrella on the floor.

"What business have you with opinions? Wait till you are in a position to uphold them."

"As an intelligent being—" began Miss Mary. "Don't make faces at me, Loo," she continued, in reply to some signals from her cousin. "As an intelligent being, I cannot help forming opinions; and, being blessed with the faculty of speech, I can't resist uttering them. A beneficent Providence may in time lend them weight in the shape of a rich husband, and then, aunt dear, they will be better worth your attention."

Chuckles of delight from Captain Peake.

"I tell you what," returned Miss Bousfield with suppressed anger, "you will come to no such good end. You are too conceited and shallow; but I wash my hands of you. You value neither opinions nor appearances."

While these sentences were exchanged, Mary opened and glanced at her letter, which seemed of no common interest; for she changed colour, put it back in its envelope, and thrust it into the folds of her dress.

"And conceal your letters when you get them—a very suspicious circumstance," continued the aunt, maliciously.

"I have a right to my own letters, free from your interference," replied Mary, with some serious displeasure.

The moment poor Mary got home and found herself alone, she hastily drew forth her letter, and read as follows:

"Dear little Coz. You have so much courage and judgment, that I am determined to confide a

difficult task to your management. I dare not write to Louisa, the tiger would infallibly bone my epistle, and then the d—— to pay, with the usual scarcity of combustibles, so I want you to read this to her, and soon, mind, for I am in an awful fix. About six weeks ago I had an awful run of bad luck—so bad and so long, there was no reasonable probability of its lasting; but being in immediate want of funds, and Louisa very selfishly refusing to apply to Chutney, I was imprudent enough to put Samperton's name to a bill, fully intending, on my honour, to chalk up before it became due."

"Ah!" groaned Mary half aloud, "he has forged Sir Frederic Samperton's name; what shall we do—what *shall* we do!"

"Luck has, however, been inexorable," continued the elegant letter, "and I could as soon pay the national debt as the fifty pounds I drew for. I have reason to believe that Samperton has the bill. Now Loo must find me the money; I'll repay her, on my word! Let her tell Chutney she has a milliner's bill, or something, to pay. Then she must see Samperton and give him the money—women can do these things so well! Above all, do not let proceedings be undertaken against me, which would be utter ruin. I swear, if you both help me now, I'll reform; if not, I'll cut my throat, and you'll all be disgraced by a coroner's inquest. Your affectionate cousin, "TOM BOUSFIELD."

"P.S.—Look sharp! No time to be lost! Write to Y. Z., Post-office, Radcliffe-highway."

"No time to be lost," thought Mary, sinking down on the sofa in bewildered despair, and striving to think. "What shall I do? Torment my poor dear Loo? No! she shall not know a word of it. She has stood by me many a time—many a weary hour she has comforted me—and I am the strongest, too. Where, where shall I turn? Aunt Barbara is out of the question. Perhaps Sir Frederic Samperton would give him time. But who will ask him? I might go myself and entreat him. Why should I fear? Sir Frederic has some humanity about him. Fifty pounds! what a deal of money! Oh, what an odious, selfish, weak creature a 'gay young man is'—a good fellow," as his companions call him."

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